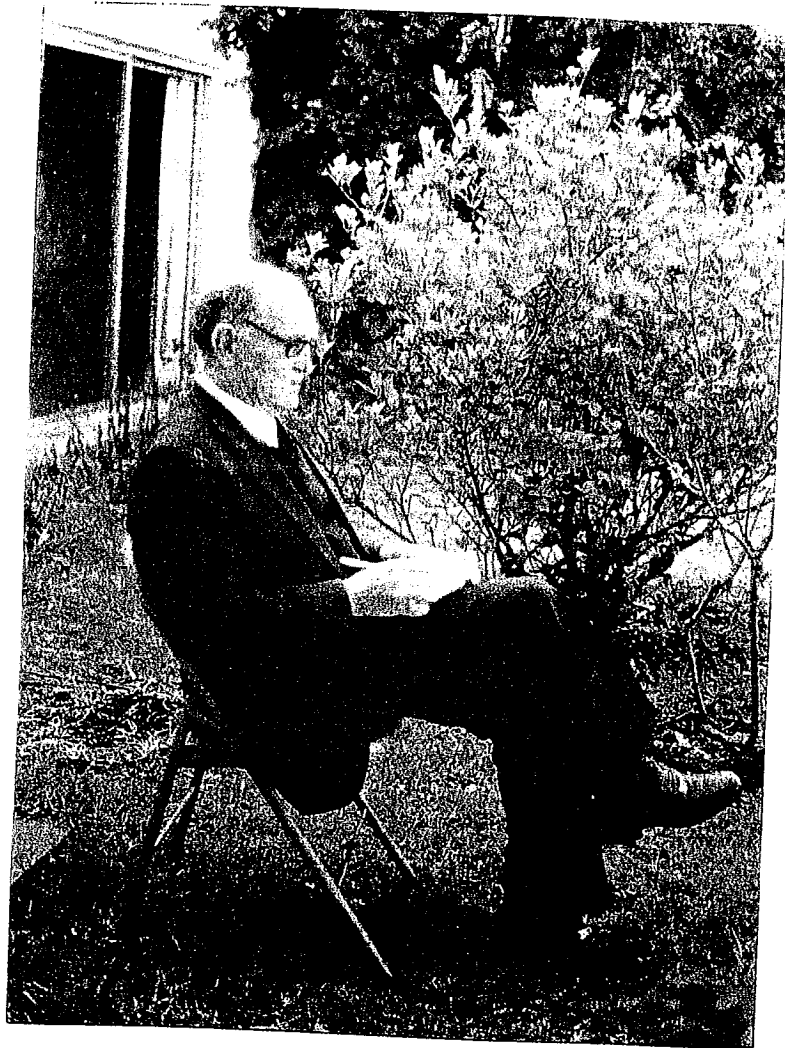


*BETTER THAN I
DESERVED*

an autobiography
of
Rendol Lytle Gibbons



Branch President - Rojas Branch, Pergamino District
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. PARENTAGE	1
2. MY HISTORY TODAY	5
3. MY PIONEER HERITAGE	5
4. UNCLES, AUNTS AND COUSINS	9
5. MY SPECIAL PARENTS- AN EXEMPLARY COUPLE	13
6. BROTHERS AND SISTERS	20
7. MY FAMILY	24
8. MY BOYHOOD IN ST. JOHNS	35
9. SCHOOLING IN ST. JOHNS	42
10. ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE AT FLAGSTAFF	47
11. U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE	48
12. HOLBROOK	53
13. ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE FOR THE SECOND TIME	54
14. TEACHING ONE YEAR AT ST. JOHNS	55
15. HOLBROOK	56
16. CHANDLER AND FLAGSTAFF	57
17. NEEDLES	59
18. PROVO AND BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY	63
19. BOULDER AND THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO	65
20. BACK TO PROVO	67
21. ST. JOHNS FOR THE SECOND TIME	72
22. PROVO AGAIN	73
23. LA MISION ARGENTINA BUENOS AIRES NORTE	75
24. HOME AGAIN	82
25. MORE MEMORIES	84
26. WHO, WHAT, WHY AM I?	91

The history written below is one that I wrote as an English assignment when I was a student in high school. My teacher was Letty A. Patterson who wrote, "Very interesting, Rendol" and an "A" grade on the paper. This was in 1938 or 1939. This is the way it was written except for a few places where I have edited for clearer meaning.

1. PARENTAGE

Into the home of Andrew Smith and Rizpah Knight Gibbons was born a son on September 4, 1872. This baby, later named Lee Roy, was the fourteenth child of his father's family. Andrew S., a man of English descent, was one of the first 147 men to enter Salt Lake Valley with Brigham Young. In this valley while engaged in ranching, he planted the first orchards in that part of the country.

When Lee Roy was nine years old he came to St. Johns with his parents, who were sent here by Brigham Young. Six years later at the Arizona Cooperative Mercantile Institute store in St. Johns, he started his career as a clerk. In the store he worked for eleven years, at the end of which time he was appointed to fill an unexpired term of county school superintendent and probate judge.

In 1893 he married Armitta Nicoll, who died in 1918 leaving seven children; Pauline, Sabina, Genevieve, Lee Roy Jr., Armina, Armitta and Leona. These children are all now living and are all married. (Today, September, 1996 only Leona is still living.)

In 1921 he was married to Anella Stanton Lytle, daughter of William Perry and Lucy Clarinda Atchison Lytle. This line of Lytles originated in Ireland. William Perry was a farmer by trade, while Lucy, his wife, was an expert nurse. The nights never were too dark or stormy to keep her from answering a sick call.

Anella was born at Eagar, Arizona, November the twenty-fifth, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. Of the twelve children in her father's family, she was the youngest. Since she was sixteen years of age she has been active in church affairs. She has filled every executive office in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

In 1917 she was elected by the voters of Apache County to hold the office of County Recorder. For two years she held this office, always working with efficiency and accuracy. After she married L. R. (That is what he was called.) in 1921, She began cooking and keeping house for him.

On a cold and frosty morning in the middle of March, the nineteenth to be exact, an ugly, red-faced baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons. That was me. After getting a pretty good start in life, for some reason I have never been able to figure out, I was named Rendol Lytle Gibbons. At eight months of age, when I was just learning to walk, I had a bad case of whooping cough, which almost developed into pneumonia. This sickness delayed my walking, however, I learned to talk quite fluently during this time.

Being lonely all by myself, I created an imaginary brother whom I called Jack. After having played with him for a long time, I found that this playmate and brother of mine had quite a personality. All this made me wish more and more for a real brother.

On January the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-five my wish came true. That day I was taken to my mother's room. There I saw my wish fulfilled. He was the ugliest little thing I had ever seen and was in no condition to play with me! Still he was my brother and there was nothing I could do about it! He was soon named John Elwood and nicknamed Jack, for me. Armina, Armitta, and Leona, my sisters of my father's first family, were my pals while Jack was growing up. Many times I went riding in Mr. Dietzman's donkey cart. Mr. Dietzman was an elderly stonecutter who lived nearby and who used this cart pulled by a donkey for transportation. I was quite a nuisance, since all my sisters had boy friends and it seems that I had the habit of showing up right when I wasn't supposed to.

When I became old enough to take care of myself, I began running around with my cousin, Frank Gibbons. With him I spent much of my time riding Mr. Dietzman's donkey. When we went to borrow the donkey I would always take a loaf of my mother's bread to trade. Together, Frank and I experienced the burying of secret treasures and defending them with our lives. At one time we undertook the project of digging to China, with spoons as our only tools.

Some of the most enjoyable times I have ever had were at the ranch of my Uncle Albert and Aunt Clara outside of Springerville in Arizona about twenty-eight miles from St. Johns. Here I roamed through the orchard and the meadows seeing what there was to see. However, my favorite pastime was riding one of the horses around the place. My pick of the horses was always "Old Don", a big slow work horse.

My earliest musical performance came one day when I was about two and a half years old. My mother had invited some guests to dinner and while they were waiting to eat, she had me sing. With Armina playing the piano, I sang "Marchita". For this I was complimented especially by Grandma Anderson, mother of the musically-talented Anderson family. Another of my accomplishments was made the Christmas before I was four years old. One of the presents I received that year was a toy flute. Within two or three hours I had mastered a scale and the tune "Old Black Joe".

In our neighborhood the kids were active and lively and always wanting something to do. So we looked for some pastime that everyone would enjoy, and we found it. It was practicing and giving plays in the loft of my father's barn. We gave plays several times that were both interesting and successful.

In my pre-school age I wanted to become an aviator more than anything else. Playing airplane was something I never got tired of, even though I made airplanes and played with them for hours at a time. Once in a while, using a davenport for an airplane, I would fight enemy planes, set speed records, and fly with mail and passengers. Pillows were used as mailbags while Jack served as a passenger.

Finally a great day in my life came. It was the day I started to school. What a sense of thrill and importance I felt as I walked into the first grade room and sat down in a desk! I had very much difficulty because Armitta was the teacher and she wanted me to call her Miss Gibbons.

During my first year I had my first fight, and, sorry to say, it was over a girl. Another boy and I decided we liked a certain girl. So, after arguing for several minutes we began fighting. Although my opponent was conquered, that was all the good it did me.

The desired girl wouldn't even look at me and, to make matters worse, several of my recesses were spent in the schoolroom writing, "I will not fight at recess."

With a light case of measles I missed two precious weeks of schooling. Imprisoned within the walls of my home during this period of time, I tried to pass the time away by shooting spitwads at Jack. Even this did not speed up the time which dragged by so slowly. But finally, after waiting impatiently hour after hour, I started back to school.

The next time illness overtook me, it was not as light as before. Approximately two hours after I had drunk some home-brewed fig wine, I went to bed with a very acute pain in my stomach. The fact that this wine was poisoned explains the pain. For several days I could eat only certain kinds of food and I could drink no water. During the days, thirst would almost drive me mad. Only by sleep could relief be obtained and even then I would dream of the cool water coming from the drinking fountain at school. Then and there I made up my mind to never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live.

After finding a package of Chesterfield cigarettes, Frank, Hyrum Lee, and I went to a secluded spot and smoked every one. This, of course, gave our breaths very bad stench. We were later told that if we would run around the house many times it would stop the odor on our breaths. We ran around the house so many times we were ready to fall, but it apparently didn't do any good.

One April's Fool day, half the school ditched and hiked to the Blue Hills. After walking and sliding all day long we returned home that night very tired and very hungry.

The grammar school offered me many opportunities in the line of music. In addition to having music lessons every day, I was lucky enough to be in two public performances, an operetta and a cantata.

My trumpet was bought when Guy Richey was the music teacher of the school. From him I received much advice and many instructions. After Mr. Richey, the music teacher was Zech Farr. Under his direction I learned and played my first solo on graduation night.

After seven years of hard schooling and after being promoted from the fourth to the fifth grade in one year and after having some of the best times of my life, my graduation time came. Those years of study were rewarded when I was awarded the honor of giving the salutatory address of the evening. The program consisted of some serious talks, some humorous speeches, and some musical numbers.

The people who attended the graduation saw me as a small, but healthy, boy with dark hair and brown eyes. Weighing about one hundred pounds, my body was thin and slender.

The following year of school put me into high school as a freshman. I felt a thrill, but I did not feel important as I had felt before. This new environment humbled me a great deal. However, this new system of classes interested me and I went right to work.

Social life in high school seemed to be just the thing I had been waiting for. Not only does one receive better everyday associations, but the parties and picnics are much more enjoyable than before in district school.

Football takes my interest more than any other sport in high school. I have gone out for football two years and made a letter one year. In my estimation the Round Valley game was the most interesting game I played in.

The summer before my Junior year I went to Los Angeles with Demar Isaacson, Tenney Whiting, and Donald Williams. When we arrived in the big city we could find no place to stay so we pitched camp in a vacant lot. Early the next morning we were disturbed by a cop who asked us all kinds of questions. After all was said and done he let us stay there for the rest of the night.

The next day after finding a room in the Clift Hotel, we started out to see the city. We first found one of Demar's girl friends whose name was Letha Hatch. She invited us to dinner and we accepted very gratefully. That dinner was one of the best meals I have ever eaten. After dinner we all went to the Palomar to dance to the music of Benny Goodman and his orchestra. While listening to Benny's music, I saw someone standing by my side who looked very familiar. In a few moments I recognized him as Mickey Rooney, a kid about my own age. He was heavy set, but I stood head and shoulders over him. He was very nervous because everyone was looking at him.

The next night Demar, Tenney, Donald and I went to a night club in Hollywood to hear Louis Prima and orchestra. On the way we passed the Brown Derby, the 20th Century Fox Studios, and the Carthay Circle.

While walking down Hollywood Boulevard we saw a crowd of people standing around something. We rushed to the spot expecting to see a movie star, but it was a large black dog, that as the owner said, had swum to Catalina Island the day before.

When our money ran out we came home. This trip was one of the best I have ever taken and I hope to take another sometime.

I find the study of music in high school much more advanced and interesting than in grammar school. Every day I have at least two or three periods of study. To make the work more interesting, every year the music department produces an operetta and makes a trip to Flagstaff for the Music Festival. I look forward to these events more than any other event of the school year. Mrs. Patterson works so hard with me and many others preparing for these events, so the credit for our successes in these events goes to her.

Another field of music in which I have had experience is the popular noise called Jazz. With Demar Isaacson and his orchestra I have traveled many miles playing for dances. I have seen many different kinds of people that interest me. As I am on the watch all the time, I see people that remind me of movie stars and friends that I know.

Today I have one chief interest, music, and my ambition is to become a first class musician. I have chosen music because I think I have more talent in music than in any other line. To spend my spare time, I would like to fly or take camping trips into the mountains.

At the time of this writing, my height is five feet ten and one half inches, my weight one hundred and sixty pounds. My hair is quite dark and my eyes are brown. I hope to grow two more inches and add at least twenty pounds to my weight.

2. MY HISTORY TODAY

Today is November 1, 1994, the day I will actually begin writing my personal history. I have made many notes, but have not yet tried to put them together with some kind of meaningful relationship. I will now try to do that. I concluded my personal history written as an English class assignment with a short description of my appearance. Now, I have shrunk two inches in height; I have gained the desired twenty pounds, (After the war I weighed one hundred fifty pounds and in the early 1950s I weighed two hundred and ten pounds) and my weight is about one hundred and eighty pounds. My eyes are brown, but my thinning hair is turning white.

3. MY PIONEER HERITAGE

As I have read the lives of my ancestors and their families, I have felt an ever-increasing pride and admiration for them. My heart has ached as I have learned of their hardships. Their existence was anything but easy with the long periods of time they were separated from loved ones, the slow, tedious modes of travel, their frequent encounters with sickness and death, the ever-present physical discomforts and, at times, even the harsh persecution from other human beings. I doubt that I could have lived their kinds of lives with them. Knowingly moving from one hardship to another to support their leaders and doing their best to keep the commandments is true greatness in my estimation. With deep gratitude I remember the quality of the individuals from whom I have descended.

Much of the information about the Gibbons family was gathered when Francis M. (Frank) Gibbons became president of the Andrew S. Gibbons family organization. He and his wife, Helen, both excellent writers, suggested that we publish a family book. Knowing there are many Gibbonses who are not descendants of Andrew S., but are descendants of Richard Cannine, Andrew's twin brother, we extended the effort back one generation to William Davidson, their father, and included both families. The book, copyrighted in 1981, is a great success and is dedicated to Frank and Helen for their inspiring leadership. The title of the book, at the suggestion of Lee Gibbons, is A TURNING OF HEARTS. The front cover of the book shows in color the family crest that had been designed for the family through Frank's efforts. It shows the St. George Temple, an Indian on horseback with a spear, a pioneer man with buckskin coat, hat, boots and rifle, an ox-drawn covered wagon showing the year, 1847, three poplar trees, a peach tree and the books of the standard works of the church. The family motto, "DEPENDABILITY", written in the Deseret alphabet appears at the top just under a drawing of the St. George temple.

After using the book for a short period of time, I found that locating the names of the individuals and the notes that described them, even with some knowledge of the families to which they belonged, was nearly impossible. So, I decided an index was necessary if the book was to be usable. I listed every name in alphabetical order and added the page or pages where each could be found.

Pleased with the quality of the publication, Frank suggested that with so many musicians in the family, we should have an original family song. With this in the back of my mind, I awoke one night and within a short period of time, a tune with simple melody, harmony and words came to me. The next day I wrote it down and soon presented it to the officers of the organization. Lee Gibbons arranged a more modern piano accompaniment and the family had it copyrighted and published in 1983. These are the words of the song:

A turning of hearts to noble ones who pointed the way,
A turning of hearts to children dear who brighten each day,
A turning of hearts that we might do the work of the Lord
and feel the truth of His words and the joy of His love.

A turning of hearts to leaves upon a great family tree,
A turning of hearts to bind our lives eternally,
A turning of hearts that we might do the work of the Lord
and feel the truth of His words and the joy of His love.

I guess my story really starts with my great, great grandfather Gibbons. Although there were other ancestors who were prominent in important historical events, such as, the voyage and landing of the Mayflower, the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the Revolutionary War, Some time around 1780, this particular great great grandfather Lemuel, married Mary Goss, my great, great grandmother, who had six toes on each foot. This deformity has been passed down through the generations, cropping up in some descendants, but not in others. My father had an extra finger which, according to family tales, Uncle Andrew cut off with a hammer and chisel on a chopping block. I, too, was a recipient of this abnormality which drew my attention in two incidents. On my left foot was an extra toe. One of my earliest recollections is of being in Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City with an older boy after having the unwanted toe removed. Next to the little toe on my right foot was a growth of cartilage which had to be cut out in later years because it rubbed against my shoe and made my foot sore. I was teaching in Holbrook when Dr. Heywood cut it away. He wrote a prescription for a drug to ease the pain. Mr. Toll, the druggist, filled the prescription and typed the directions, "Take one every hour to six hours." It should have read, "Take one every four to six hours." Needless to say, after taking a pill hour after hour for three hours, I was in a very mellow mood.

As far as grandparents are concerned I have been short changed. Not that I didn't have wonderful grandparents, it is just that they all passed on to their rewards before I had a chance to know them. Andrew Smith Gibbons was with the original group of pioneers that came into the Salt Lake Valley, July 24, 1847, with Brigham Young. I have often thought what great stories he could tell and how I would thrill to be with him, but he died in 1886, thirty-six years before I was born. His mother, Polly Hoover, died when he and his twin brother, Richard Cannine, were born. He was given to another family, the Joshua Smiths, to raise. Years later, this well-loved and respected foster father

was arrested and imprisoned for carrying a pocket knife. He died from poisoning in Carthage jail where the prophet Joseph Smith had been murdered. It is interesting that Andrew had himself and his father and mother sealed to Joshua Smith when those kinds of sealings were being done.

Andrew's father was William Davidson Gibbons, who had apparently performed some service for the government possibly as a soldier in the War of 1812, was given a land grant in Ohio. So it was that he and his wife were in Hebron, Licking County, Ohio when the twins were born and their mother died. The family book, TURNING OF HEARTS, tells brief histories of William Davidson, some of his ancestors, and of Andrew and Richard. A detailed story of Andrew's life has been dramatically and colorfully written by Helen Bay Gibbons, Frank's wife, in a book called "SAINT AND SAVAGE."

Grandfather Andrew S. Gibbons has been a legend in my life. With stories about pioneers and Indians, I have always pictured him as a heroic figure. It appears that his life, after he came west, was one missionary call after another. Not only did the missionary labors take extreme personal sacrifice, risk and hard work, but leaving his family, always in destitute circumstances, must have been heart-breaking for him. Much of the time his responsibilities kept him in the rugged areas of southern Utah and northern Arizona where nature itself posed a constant threat and Indian hostility lurked behind the trees and bushes and over every hill. For good reasons the Indians did not trust or like the white intruders and this made the work of the missionaries nearly impossible. But, with other great men, such as Jacob Hamblin, they performed a miraculous work. Andrew Gibbons was effective in the conversion of Tuba, chief of the Hopi tribe. It was he who brought the chief and his squaw to the temple in St. George to be sealed.

It makes me proud to see the name of Andrew S. Gibbons listed as a member of that first "This is the place" company on the Brigham Young monument that stands on Main Street in Salt Lake City. In 1937 my father, Lee Roy, had this to say about his father.

"Father (Andrew S.) was always a natural gardener and lover of trees and plants. When we moved from Tuba City to St. Johns we had intended to go to Snowflake first, but we were met on the way and told to come to St. Johns. I was just past seven years old. It was in the winter and father had on the wagon box outside a box of peach stones (pits) to freeze so they could be planted for a fruit nursery as soon as he got there. He planted the seeds and soon had quite a nursery. He ordered some choice plants that he could bud into these he had planted and had a good nursery here soon. All of the lilac bushes in town came from starts that he brought in.

I (Lee Roy) was away from home for two weeks for the first time in my life when I was about twelve. I went to Rajah, New Mexico with my brother, Josh, where he had some cattle interests. I was so homesick I thought I would die. My father was a chum to me as well as a dad. It was late in August and the early tree had some peaches on it, only a few. It was the very first our orchard had produced. The road to St. Johns came on the east side of the river over the Blue Hills to a crossing on the other side. I could see my dad watching for us, walking back and forth in front of the old home. We came across the river and down through Water Street to the gate. He came out and let down the bars for us and we drove through. As I got out of the wagon, he had his hands in his coat pockets,

taking them out he had three or four peaches and he said, "Here, my boy, I saved two of the nicest peaches from that first early tree for you. There is one thing I want to tell you as I give you these peaches. Since I came to Utah with the 1847 first pioneers, I have put out thirteen orchards and I have never eaten the fruit from any of them until now until after someone else had owned them, and I have never once moved without being called by the authorities of the church. I (Lee Roy) had worked along with him all the time in the making of the orchard. We came to St. Johns in March 1880. Others came a little earlier".

Grandmother Rizpah Knight survived Grandfather Gibbons nine years. She died in March, 1895. Her life was extremely difficult carrying full responsibility for the family because her husband was gone most of the time. She was the mother of fifteen children, eight of whom died young. One night she lost her three young children due to the measles. They were buried in a wagon box. The move from Tuba City to St. Johns in 1880 was the thirteenth time she had to move during her married life. She served her neighbors of the community as a midwife and she was there to help when there was illness. A man who knew her well once wrote, "The Gibbons boys had a mighty good old mother. She was an early day nurse and midwife. Winds never blew too hard, nor mud never got too deep, nor weather never got too cold to keep that old lady away from sick beds in those days when neighbors were neighbors and doctors were scarce". She also taught school subjects to her children. Her father, Vinson Knight, was prominent in the leadership of the church and in the operation of the city of Nauvoo. He was a counselor to the mayor of Nauvoo, one of the board of trustees of the city, a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Nauvoo, a guard and aide-de-camp in the Nauvoo Legion and a close friend to Joseph Smith. He served as bishop and at one time as presiding bishop of the church. He is mentioned twice in the 124th section of the Doctrine and Covenants. In June, 1938 the city of Adam-Ondi-Ahman was surveyed. While it was underway, Joseph Smith invited some men, including Vinson Knight, to a crest overlooking the valley where he uncovered a dressed stone which he said was an alter used by Adam. Vinson was the acting bishop of Adam-Ondi-Ahman for a short time. When he died, the prophet wrote his obituary and also spoke at his funeral where he said, "There lies the best friend I had on earth." This is according to his wife, Martha McBride, who was a charter member of the Relief Society and who had herself sealed to Joseph Smith and later married Heber C. Kimball.

I have little information about my ancestors of the Lytle and Atchison lines. They were certainly as great and as dedicated as were the individuals of the Gibbons and Knight lines, but there have been fewer genealogists among my mother's people and much less information has been gathered. We know that they were good, thrifty, hard-working people, always ready to share with and help others. Great grandfather, John Lytle, according to his journal, was one of the men who wielded a sledge hammer when the printing press that printed the newspaper, Expositor, was destroyed in Nauvoo. It is also known that he was a bishop in Salt Lake City and that he helped settle the country around Carson City, Nevada. His son, Grandfather William Perry Lytle, was a farmer. While crossing the plains, he helped break the monotony for the boys by leading in games and

sports. He was called with other men and their families to help settle Eagar, Arizona where they all nearly starved. One of his major achievements was being the father of twelve brown-eyed children.

Lucy Clarinda Atchison was living when I was born, but she died seven months later. I have heard my older cousins speak of her as a woman who was loved greatly by her children, grandchildren and all who knew her. Her life was hard with such a large family and with serving as a practical nurse and midwife for the community. It is claimed by the family that she delivered more than nine hundred babies and lost only one. The following is a story that my mother told of Lucy Clarinda.

"A mother had died leaving a little family. The man had a hard time of it. He would take his two boys with him to the field and leave the two little girls at home alone all day. Everyday they would come to my mother's house about noon and she would feed them. Once when they came in the meal was over, the dishes stacked and nothing was left on the table. Lucy Clarinda said, 'Well girls, it looks like everything is cleaned up today. There is nothing left but a few crumbs'. The littlest girl said, 'Sister Lytle, do you care if we pick up the crumbs.' Sister Lytle soon made them a corn pone to eat."

4. UNCLES, AUNTS AND COUSINS

Since my father was the fourteenth child of the family, his brothers and sisters, my uncles and aunts were well along in years when I came along. I do remember, but faintly, seeing and visiting with some of them.

I remember going with my father on an automobile trip to Glendale, Arizona from St. Johns to visit his oldest sister, AUNT "MARTHY" CARTER. I was a small boy then, but I remember how small and bent over she was.

UNCLE ANDREW GIBBONS was Dad's oldest brother. He was bed-ridden for many years because of a fall from a horse. Dad visited him often and I went with him a number of times. Due to his injury and his age, Uncle Andrew spoke in a peculiar way.

One time he reached out and touched me when Dad told him who I was. He was a polygamist who was separated from one of his wives by law. AUNT LIZZIE lived with him and took care of him for many years. His other wife, AUNT ELLA, lived in Woodruff, Arizona and I didn't see much of her. I remember how beautiful Come, Come, ye Saints sounded as it was sung at his funeral. I knew he had lived a hard life and the words had a meaning for me they had never had before.

AUNT "GUSTY" was the wife of UNCLE BILL GIBBONS. She lived in St. Johns, but I visited her only once or twice with my father.

AUNT NANCY was the wife of UNCLE JOSH GIBBONS. I knew her best because she was younger and more aware of what was happening. She lived in Mesa, Arizona and did much temple work. Her voice was low-pitched.

UNCLE RICHARD GIBBONS, although I never did see him, was one of my favorites because he was something of a "gun slinger". He was always on the frontier and carried fire arms and was a good shot and marksman. At one time he said to my Dad,

"Roy, you know I have one thing that I am most grateful for. It is that I have passed through my life without killing a man. Dozens of times when I was going from Fort Wingate to Fort Apache and would think I would see a man ahead and it would be a wild animal or a horse, a deer or something and I would reach for my gun and be relieved that I didn't need it"

Some of my mother's brothers and sisters I knew better because they lived in Springerville and Eagar, towns closer to St. Johns. My Lytle relatives seem to have been a close knit group, that is, they cared for each other.

AUNT SADIE was married to UNCLE JAKE HAMBLIN (Jacob Hamblin) whose father was the famous Indian missionary with the same name. She was my mother's oldest sister. Whenever I was around her, she took special notice of me and was always kind. One time she said to me, "Rendol, stop wrinkling your forehead or you will look old while you are still young". She wrote a journal that told of raising her family. To read of the extreme hardships and tragedies she endured is heartbreaking. When she was younger she lost an eye from hot grease that popped out of a frying pan. She and Uncle Jake lived in St. Johns and they had a huge apricot tree in front of their house. I enjoyed eating the fruit and cracking the pits.

AUNT CLARA WOODS was a real favorite of mine. She definitely was the grandmother I never had. She and UNCLE ALBERT WOODS lived on a ranch about a mile west of Springerville, Arizona. At her house there were chickens, turkeys, guinea hens, ducks, geese and peacocks. Uncle Albert and his boys ran sheep up on the mountain and often they kept rams in the orchard area back of the house, which was a good reason why we couldn't go into the orchard to play because they were mean. One time we couldn't play there because of a mean turkey gobbler.

In back of the house was a little milk house where Aunt Clara kept milk, cream, butter, cheese and fruits. It was fun to go there with her because it always meant bread and cream and sugar and besides that, it always smelled so good.

The big house was always fun because there were pictures and games and interesting people to talk to. Since there were young people in the family, Maribah, John, Levi, Andrew, and Bill, there seemed to be something going on all the time. They had a phonograph and the neatest records. One that I never heard any other place, but that I will never forget, was "Lucky, Lucky Lindberg, the Eagle of the U.S.A".

Breakfast was always before daylight and it was always a real feed -- mutton, biscuits, gravy, bacon, eggs, jams, jellies, relishes, pickles, etc. Uncle Albert usually said the blessing and he mumbled it so one couldn't understand anything he said except "Amen". Their house was on a hill and below it there were meadows and hay fields. The Little Colorado River ran through this area and provided a place for swimming for young people from both Springerville and Eagar.

They had horses for farming the land. One was called "Old Don". He was a huge, bay animal, but so gentle I was allowed to ride him.

Back to Aunt Clara. She was a wonderful person, always so kind and loving. She was working all the time. I have wondered about the time she must have risen to prepare the kinds of breakfasts she always served. Always happy, she sang church hymns

constantly. It was amusing to me, even at my young age, that she changed keys every phrase.

AUNT ROSE MERRILL was a person who loved everyone. At her home one always felt welcome. If I ever got over-kissed it was by her. Her family of boys, Bud, Toad, Glenn, Dee, Edgar and Grant, and one girl, Lona, had great personalities and I enjoyed being with them. I can remember staying at their house and laughing so hard I couldn't get my breath. Aunt Rose was married to UNCLE HUBERT MERRILL, a real jerk who failed to provide for her and her family.

AUNT MYREE (SAMIRA) SLADE was always happy to see us when we went to her home. Her husband was UNCLE BEN SLADE who died before I can remember. She was heavy and died while I was still quite young. Records show that their marriage was sealed in a circumstance that is unusual. Under the direction of the presidency of the Church, a general authority was sent to northern Arizona to perform endowments and sealings for a number of couples. Uncle Ben and Aunt Myree received their endowments and sealing in a special spot in the pine forest near Pinetop, Arizona. Their son, Dick and his wife, Dora, had a nice family which included some boys my age. Visiting them was fun. Whenever we left Dick's place we always would take apples, pears, corn, squash or something. He constantly had gifts for Mom. When Mom was killed in the car accident, it was Dick and other Lytle cousins that came from Eagar to St. Johns to dig her grave.

My favorite uncle was UNCLE JOHN LYTLE. He was married to AUNT VIRGINIA, who, I am told, had quite an abrasive, aggressive personality. After Mom's death she came to St. Johns from Overton and took possession of a number of family heirlooms which definitely did not belong to her. She never did come to visit with Uncle John and I didn't know her well. Uncle John was a prospector and also many other things. He came to St. Johns one time making mattresses for people. Whenever he came to see us it was a great treat because he knew tricks and games to entertain us. He could throw a double bow knot into a rope in the blink of an eye. They had a family of boys, now men of course, with one girl. Virginia lived in Reno, Nevada and was active in veterans' affairs. We held a little reunion on our farm in north Orem and she came. I have lost track of her through the years, but I remember she is a jolly, industrious person and a credit to any family. Uncle John and Bobbie had a liking for each other. She treated him with affection and accepted the task of typing his personal history. When he died Bill and I drove from Needles to Overton for the funeral.

UNCLE ART LYTLE lived in Utah and Nevada and had children about my age. They came to St. Johns to visit us once when I was in high school. That was about the only contact we had with each other. It was about 1977 that I received a letter from a Leith Hallows, a person totally unfamiliar to me. She apologized for being forward, but said she suspected that we might be related because her mother and my mother had the same maiden names. Her mother turned out to be my Uncle Art's daughter, Anella. This cousin is a wonderful person who lived in Mount Pleasant and now lives in St. George with her fine husband, Glen Hardwick. Anella is a lovable person who has contributed much to my happiness since I have come to know her.

I have many relatives that I know and many that I do not know, but for my history I can write only of those who have had an influence on my life. There is no reason that I know why I shouldn't be proud of every person, known or unknown.

Uncle Andrew's and Aunt Lizzie's son, ANDREW S. GIBBONS, was an outstanding scholar and made a name for himself as a teacher, a lawyer and a judge. His family lived near our home when I was a little boy. His youngest son, Francis Marion (Frank), was my best friend when we were grammar school age. We spent many hours playing together. I remember the day he broke his arm falling out of a swing at District #11 School. I can still see the exact swing in my mind. One day his sister, Ruth, smelled that we had been smoking so she told us that running around the house would kill the odor and their parents wouldn't find out. We ran around the house until we were completely exhausted. Frank moved to Phoenix and I really missed him. I had a chance to go visit him and I still remember some things about that experience. His Phoenix address was 2133 West Monroe. There were street cars, people sleeping on their lawns early in the morning and we ate Neopolitan ice cream in his mother's kitchen.

Frank's life has been exemplary as he has trained and disciplined himself impressively. He is married to a choice woman, Helen Bay, and his children are also exemplary people. Both Frank and Helen are authors. Frank has written excellent biographies of Joseph Smith and other presidents of the Church. He was doing very well as a lawyer, with unusual contributions to the oil shale lands when he was called to be the Executive Secretary to the First Presidency of the Church. For sixteen years he took the minutes of the weekly meeting of the presidency and the quorum of apostles and supervised the management of their office affairs. He is now writing a book about this magnificent experience. As he was released from these duties he became a member of the Second Quorum of the Seventy for three years. Occasionally we get together for interesting visits.

Another son of Uncle Andrew was MARION VINSON GIBBONS. His mother was Aunt Ella, who lived in Woodruff, Arizona. "M.V." was a teacher and a lawyer. In fact, he was my eighth grade teacher. Since he and his family lived close to us, I was able to know them quite well. He loved sports and was an excellent tennis player until he was well along in years. If there was ever a person young in heart it was Cousin Marion. He was a game player and was always able to have fun. Cousin Mary, his wife, was a wonderful personal friend. Their children, every one, inherited the ability to have fun and they continue to do so all the time. Helen, Katy, LaVelle, Norma, Jack and Robert have been close friends.

Uncle Joshua and Aunt Nancy Gibbons were the parents of J. SMITH GIBBONS, also a lawyer and judge. I had a number of conversations with him concerning genealogical work. At one time he and I were kicked out of the reference area of the genealogical department in Salt Lake City for talking too loudly. He and Cousin Edna were the parents of Wanda who is a dear friend. She and her husband, Theron Hall, have done many nice things for me. Their daughter, Lynette, is married to the first counselor in the stake presidency, John Beck. They live near us at this time and I see him nearly every Sunday, but I don't see her often enough to suit me. Whenever I see her I have the feeling of her genuine care for me and I feel the same about her. She is a unique individual.

(Today July 3, 1995, John Beck, Wanda's son-in-law, called to tell me that Wanda died yesterday about 12:30 P.M. She has had strokes and has been ill for some time.)

5. MY SPECIAL PARENTS- AN EXEMPLARY COUPLE

I know that nearly everyone has special parents, but I know that mine are special because there are many people besides my family that feel the same way. Their characteristics that make them so special are those such as integrity, compassion, dedication, sacrifice, unselfishness and others basic to true Christian living.

As a child one is unaware of the problems that arise and exist for parents as they strive to provide the best circumstances possible for their children. This was certainly true in my case. With increasing maturity my understanding of the conditions under which my parents married and raised their family has been inspiring. "Daddy" and "Momma", as I knew my parents, gave everything within their power to provide love, security and support for me and my brother and sister. No sacrifice ever seemed too great. L.R. (This is what most people called him - Momma called him Daddy.) was forty-eight and "Aunt Nell" (What many people called her.) was thirty-three when they were married. He had lost his first wife, the mother of his seven children, in the flu epidemic of 1918 and my mother, though courted by several fellows, had not yet found the right man. After seeing her with her sister, Sadie Hamblin, in a store in St. Johns where he worked, L.R. with unmistakable propriety wrote Nell a letter in which he asked permission to court her with marriage as the intent. In spite of this boldness, she was not offended because she gave her consent. I have a copy of the letter he sent to his older daughters asking for their approval of this marriage which showed his sensitivity to the feelings of others. They traveled to Salt Lake City and were married in the temple on April 1, 1921. With this marriage Nell shared responsibility for a debt that had come to L.R. when the Lyman Dam broke shattering the hopes of the Lyman Irrigation Project in which he had invested large amounts of time, effort and money. Also she accepted the often difficult task of being stepmother to the children of the first family. She sold a home in Eagar to help with finances. These problems must have seemed insurmountable, yet with frugal management and constant demonstration of genuine love and concern, they brought peace and security into their home.

It is heart-warming to recall how they made continual efforts to supplement his modest salary with chickens, cows, pigs and the farm out on the bench. They were genuine individuals and never tried to appear to be anything but what they actually were. I'm sure they must have had differences, but I never heard either Mom or Dad say a cross or sarcastic word to each other. They had complete commitment to each other and to family.

Church responsibilities held high priorities with both. It was understood that the duties of their callings were not optional. They supported the authorities of the Church without reservation. I have recollections of running errands for Dad reminding brethren of high council meetings in the old red brick tithing office. This was at the time he was

counselor to the stake president, Levi S. Udall. Later, he was stake genealogical chairman. He often traveled to outlying wards like Ramah and Luna, New Mexico. Frequently, Mom went with him because she was also a member of the committee.

Mom was Relief Society president and since we had no telephone, and neither did anyone else, I did considerable leg work carrying messages to the sisters of the ward. I kidded Mom that she had created a new position in the church called Relief Society Boy. With no morticians in town, it fell to my mother to be responsible for dressing for burial the people in the ward who died.

I have already mentioned Dad's honesty and integrity. These were strong characteristics of his and more needs to be said about them. At the time the dam broke and he was left with such a large debt, he was advised by financial experts to take bankruptcy. He told me that he could not think of having that stigma on his name so he chose to pay off the debt which took twenty years. I was a freshman in college when Mom wrote me to say, "Come home for the celebration, we're going to burn the mortgage." Another remark that attests to Dad's integrity was made by Don Patterson, owner of the town water company. "The only people who pay their water bills regularly and on time are the widows and L.R. Gibbons."

It is amazing that the huge debt was paid with daily wages working as a clerk and bookkeeper for Anderson's, Whippings and Apache County. Over a period of time he owned some small farms. About three miles out on the west bench there was a farm where alfalfa and grain were grown. Just southwest of town there was a small farm where we raised corn, alfalfa and even planted an orchard. Then there was another farm out by the airport. In town he owned land around the house where we raised chickens, and pigs and milked cows. At one time we had enough chickens to market the eggs. We cut a hole in a cardboard box, put a light inside and by holding eggs up to the hole against the light, we "candled" each egg to see if it was fit for selling. Eggs sold for about twenty cents a dozen. At one time there were seven cows to milk night and morning. Pigs were fed from "swill" and "slop" from the kitchen and when they were ready, they were butchered for meat.

Cows are difficult to keep fenced in and sometime they would break into the garden area. I remember hearing Dad in the middle of the night chasing the cows out of the garden area (Which really I should have been doing.). "Get out of here you old b _____!!!" That is the worst thing I ever heard my Dad say.

I think the quality of Dad's honesty is nearly extinct any more. It seems so many people justify shady actions as clever and shrewd business transactions, but not my Dad. As far as I can learn, he was the very epitome of honesty and integrity and I admire him for his strength of character. He provided for me as best he could and I never doubted his gentle treatment of me. Knowing that he was fifty years old when I came along I understand why he didn't throw me around, wrestle with me on the floor or roughhouse with me and there was no older brother to knock me around. So, I was treated with utmost care and gentleness as I grew up and didn't experience some of the hurts and bruises that I know now that I needed badly. Someday I want to ask him why after giving me a name and a blessing when I was a baby, he didn't baptize or confirm me or ordain me to the offices of the priesthood.

Dad was killed in a one-car accident driving to Adamana out on the railroad to campaign to be elected Clerk of the Court. In the heat of the early afternoon he went to sleep, ran off the road and into a deep gully. I was twenty years old. I remember that day, the twenty-fifth of August, 1942, as if it were yesterday. I had worked in the Eagar lumber mill that day and was riding home when Helen, Cousin Marion's daughter, stopped the car up on main street and told me that Dad's injuries had been too much for him and that he had died. I had heard nothing of the accident so the news came as an awful shock to me. They drove me home and we arrived just as they were carrying Dad's body into the house. What pain I felt. There was my Dad, who had done so much for me and to whom I owed such a great obligation, gone, and I could do nothing about it. I found Mom who was shaken but still under control and in my arms she wept wondering what we were going to do without Dad. At the doctor's office, he had said to her, "Nell, I can't go now, there is still too much to do." But, he went anyway and his passing brought many expressions of love, respect and admiration for him that made me feel the high esteem with which he was held by his fellowmen. Levi S. Udall, later Chief Justice of the Arizona Supreme Court, said to Roy and me the evening of that sad day, "I would trust everything I own to L.R. Gibbons." Cousin Marion Gibbons read part of a poem at the funeral that described Dad so very well. It is the last stanza of "Thanatopsis" written by William Cullen Bryant.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like a quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

I have never heard a statement about L.R. Gibbons that was the least bit negative. He was genuine.

Dad worked so hard and so diligently that we didn't have much time together. He went to work when he was ill and should have been in bed. Many nights he sat up rubbing his wrist with the pain of "writer's cramp" that came from excessive use of his arm in writing. I do fondly remember going with him to the Treasurer's office at the court house where he let me run some adding machine tapes and check the accuracy of added figures. We did have some good conversations and memories of those times are precious to me. He told me that he had gone to school only a little and that he wished he had more education. He was pleased that his mother had taught him well.

Dad's children and their families have been and are quite musical for which he was proud. He was aware of my musical activities and remarked to me several times that he wished I would learn music that I could perform for him at home. He knew that he had musical talent, but regretted never having taken the time to develop it. I remember

distinctly that he sang perfectly in pitch and he especially liked the song Hard Times Come Again No More. He would dance with his little grandchildren holding their hands and moving around them. Without singing the words of a song, he would articulate the tones by moving his tongue from side to side in his mouth on the inside of his upper lip.

Wouldn't Dad be proud knowing that when the Mormon Tabernacle Choir went to Europe, three of his grandsons met in Leningrad, Russia? My son, Bill, Roy's son, Lee, were in the choir and Armina's son, Milton (Mickey) helped sponsor the choir on this tour.

The calling of stake genealogical chairman required that he teach the ward leaders how to teach the members to do genealogical work. Some notes he wrote on family history sheets show how he organized the lessons he taught and analyzed the objectives of his teaching. For one lesson, he analyzed his own patriarchal blessing given him by Patriarch James M. Skousen on March 21, 1897 when he was twenty-five years old. This is how he did it.

LINEAGE - Thou art a son of the royal house of Israel through Joseph who was sold into Egypt, through the loins of Ephriam, and heir to all the blessings belonging to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob - even the New and Everlasting Covenant.

MISSION IN LIFE - Sent to earth in the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times through goodly parents to carry responsibilities supporting God's great plan under the New and Everlasting Covenant.

MY POSTERITY - Wives and children shall be given you and your posterity shall be many, even as the sands of the seashore.

BLESSINGS PROMISED FOR THE FUTURE - Thy blessings shall be great in this life and greater in eternity. You shall receive all the blessings, washings and anointings in the temple of God. Observe secret prayers, be humble and meek and no good thing shall be withheld from you. Thou shall place your hands on the sick and they shall recover. The gift of the Holy Spirit shall rest upon you in great measure. Be pure and holy and thou shalt not taste death and you shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye in the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ.

I have been told, but I don't know how true it is, that my mother was named Ann Ella and that she combined the two names to Anella in later years. Apparently her younger years were spent under conditions that approached destitution. Her parents were pioneers called to help settle northern Arizona where the saints nearly starved for several years. Mom recalled for me one Christmas when, as a little girl, she received the special gift of an orange. This gift was so treasured that she ate the last of it, a dried piece of peeling, the following March. She described her family as being desperately poor, but they were, nevertheless, good, honest people.

Information about Mom's life before I knew her is sketchy, but I am impressed with the eagerness with which people speak of her who knew her then. My Lytle cousins really loved her and knew that she loved them. Dick Slade, Lawson Hamblin, Stan Hamblin, Alma Patterson, Andrew Woods, Maribah Winsor always had something good

to say to me about her. About 1979 when we visited St. Johns, Avard Hall and Newton Neal told me how upset they were when Mom married Dad and moved to St. Johns from Eagar. They were small boys in her Sunday School class and now, some fifty-five years later, they clearly remembered their disappointment in losing her as their teacher. Guy Lund told me she was the telephone operator in Eagar and that he loved to go to the phone office to visit with Nell because she was so much fun to talk to. She was friendly, cheerful and interesting and she treated everyone as if they were special. During World War I she served as clerk of the draft board for Apache County and she knew all the boys who were sent into the service from there. She ran a store in Eagar and after Dad died she was Treasurer of Apache County and later worked as a bookkeeper for Whiting Brothers in St. Johns. My earliest recollections of Mom are of her constant efforts to help me gain a feeling of security. I was an extremely timid little boy, afraid of my own shadow and she was aware of my problems. Her constant care and my reaction may be why people have told me I was badly "spoiled". I have a memory of being held on her soft, ample lap and being rocked as she sang Darling Nellie Gray. I cried because the song was so sad.

Mom had long dark brown hair that reached to her waist when she let it down. She would braid it into two braids when she got ready for bed at night and roll it into a bun during the daytime. When her hair was down sometimes she would ask me to comb and brush it for her. It pleased her and I enjoyed doing it. There was very little money for household expenses and my mother was a genius at "doing without" and "making do". A huge debt was hanging over Dad's head and those were the depression years. We always had cows, pigs and chickens and a garden with vegetables and Mom didn't waste a thing. Even though we never had very much it is impressive to remember that she shared constantly. There were hitchhikers she would invite off the highway. There were loaves of hot bread she had me take to neighbors. Mr. Dietzman, an old German rock cutter who lived alone, would receive food for a meal -- he let us ride his donkey in return. Mrs. Apodaca, a Mexican lady, who was a widow with a large family, was invited to get milk every day. Her children came to our home for it.

Our meals were not fancy, but they were good. Bread and milk, hot bread and butter, homemade cheese, onion sandwiches, buttermilk, "Lumpy Dick" made with flour and milk and a most delicious sour cream chocolate cake are some of the foods I remember. When Mom asked me what I wanted for my special birthday dinner, I would answer, "macaroni and cheese". It was delicious and remained my favorite until she learned to make chili from one of her Mexican friends. Of all the foods Mom prepared, I think bread was her favorite. The predominance of fattening foods in our diet had its effect on her figure.

When I began school there was always Mom's complete support and reinforcement for everything I did. Regular, nourishing meals, clean clothes, well-kept home and a caring atmosphere were conditions I could always count on. Because of her diligence, I attended Primary without missing for three years when I was a Trail Builder. Because of this record my picture appeared in the Children's Friend. My teachers were excellent and the experiences enjoyable. For some reason the Trail Builder song that we sang so often

has been removed from the program. I haven't heard it for years, but I still remember it well.

" O We are the Boy Trail Builders
Out west where the sunsets glow,
Where the brooks flow down like silver
from the heights of the virgin snow.
We build our trails in the valleys
Where the heart beats light and free.
Out here in the west from the pine clad crest
To the shores of the rolling sea.

I mention this because Mom deserves more credit for it than I do.

My graduation from Primary was made very memorable by Mom. After the Sunday evening exercises, she had a social for me and the other boys at our home. It was special because an important guest was Oscar A. Kirkham, one of the seven presidents of the Seventy. He was a great scouter and we were all thrilled to be near him. Brother Kirkham was a great "bear" of a man and often talked in an intense, hoarse whisper that gave power to his words. It was amazing to me about eight years later when I met him at an M Men and Gleaner conference in Snowflake, he called me by my name -- what a memory.

My mother attended every event in which I was involved except football games. She was at every play, program, meeting or concert. These kinds of events and activities she enjoyed immensely, especially dances. With her flashlight in hand she would walk to the high school or church auditorium where the dances were held. It is amusing how she kept track of who danced with whom and how many times.

Donna told me that at the time of her death Mom thought she might have cancer. She dreaded this disease and it is possible that she was pleased that she was taken instantly. Aunt Rose was living in Mesa after Mom's death and she was troubled with the violent manner in which Mom died. A dream or vision came to Aunt Rose in which Mom and Stan came to her to relieve her anxiety.

Our family was living in Flagstaff, Arizona while I was finishing my Master's Degree the summer of 1951. Mom had come to Flagstaff on her way home after being with Donna in Provo when Mike was born. We packed a lunch and started for Holbrook and St. Johns. About fifteen miles from Winslow, a car that had traveled some nineteen hours from Oklahoma without stopping for a rest, crossed the center line and ran into us. We were all injured, but Mom and Stan, who were in the back seat, were killed instantly. Passers-by took away our clothing and suitcases from the wreckage. We lost some valuable things. While we were in the hospital in Winslow, regaining consciousness, Helen Gibbons Sullivan came to see us and told us about Mom and Stan. This is quite a coincident because she was also the one who told me of Dad's death. She also said that the man driving the other car asked her to tell me that the wreck was not my fault. However, a few weeks later we were visited at our home in Holbrook by a deputy sheriff who handed us a notice that we were being sued by the family of the man who was killed

in the wreck for \$150,000. Needless to say, they didn't get it from us. We did manage to give them \$500.

Many friends attended the funeral and Mom and Stan were buried in the St. Johns cemetery. We gratefully remember that Eldon and Ruth Ardrey came from Flagstaff and he, accompanied by Ruth, played Brahm's Lullaby on his violin at the funeral. Mom lies beside Dad and Stan is across the car tracks from them in the cemetery at St. Johns. The following appeared in her obituary in the newspaper.

"Of all the interests that claimed her attention, none received such wholehearted support as her church. Aunt Nell was deeply religious. Hers was the kind of religion that was translated into deeds of mercy and kindness. In every phase of church work she rendered valiant service. Trudging through the dark with her flashlight she would be the first one to choir practice, and usually the first to Sunday School, Relief Society, Church and Mutual. She has held practically every position open to women in her church. For eight years she was Relief Society president. At the time of her death she was first counselor in the stake Relief Society Presidency.

The real Aunt Nell was never fully known except by those who lived close neighbors to her, and to these select few she poured out a wealth of love and appreciation. It was to her you ran for help when you thought the baby was choking to death with the croup or the older boy was burning up with a stubborn fever. Never a day will pass for these favored friends but they will sorely miss her and they will always cherish her memory throughout the years."

Mom had a talent for writing poetry and while I was in the military service she wrote these poems for me and for the boys whose mothers lived in the ward.

"SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"

Since you went away, every gay sailor lad
Every khaki-clad soldier I see,
Has a place in my heart, and a share in my thoughts
And belongs just a little to me.
He's a comrade of yours and is bearing his share
Of the burden that rests upon you,
Both are doing the task which a nation has set
For its glorious men hard to do.

Since you went away, every fold of the flag
Has a message that's tender and true
It has always meant liberty, freedom and right
It now means my country, and you.
Your honor is part of the deep azure field
Your courage, of each crimson bar
And the soul of you, shining, resplendent and clear
Is part of each beautiful star.

In the church and at home we are thinking
Of our own boys far away
For though miles may lie between us
You're remembered day by day
The service flag hangs on the wall
Field of white and stars of blue
And our hearts salute with pride
That blue star we've named for you.

6. BROTHERS AND SISTERS

PAULINE was the eldest child of Dad's first family. She was married and had a child when my mother came into the Gibbons home. They were good friends. I am indebted to her and her family for the many good things they did for me. When I was trying to qualify for the Air Force Cadets, Pauline put me on a diet to help overcome my nerve deafness and I lived in their home for some months while going to college there in Flagstaff. J. Alfred Anderson (Alfie) was an important part of my college training to become a music teacher. As the band and orchestra director he provided many excellent opportunities and experiences for my training. During my third and fourth years I worked as his handyman in the music department to pay for room and board. I was also student director and tour manager for the band for those two years. Sybil, their daughter, was an excellent violinist. Evelyn, the other daughter, played viola and their son, John, played the trumpet. Sybil and Carl Howard, her husband, were always kind to me, especially when I first returned from India soon after the war ended and when I was trying to get settled after college. Carl thought I should be on the Los Angeles Police Force and in the band as he was. Evelyn, their younger daughter, and I were near the same age and were very good friends. Being somewhat crazy, we always had fun, like the time we did a ballet entitled "Man's Search For Happiness" for a Lambda Delta Sigma party at the Country Club in Flagstaff. John, their son, has been quite successful in his efforts and has done real favors for me and for the Gibbons family.

SABINA was a quiet person and lived in St. Johns for a few years. Robert Holcomb, her husband, worked where he could find a job, which usually was not where his family lived. Most vivid of my memories of "Bina" are of her sitting as if in a daze the week her son, Norman, was burned to death in a fire. My feelings about that tragedy are also strong in my memory.

GENEVIEVE married Carl Anderson, Alfie's brother. She was constantly active in many projects, which is the reason she was always in a hurry. She even talked fast. Genevieve and Carl lived in the old Anderson home across the street from the church house. Because she had so many things going on she hardly ever was on time to meetings or to other appointments. Both Genevieve and Carl were superb individuals and they did much good for church, community and friends. Certainly, evidence of their goodness is found in the remarkable lives of their children, Dixon, Christine, Bonnie and Anthon.

ROY was the only boy of the first family. The folks in St. Johns called him "Little Roy" and he was certainly a favorite there. With Amy, he attended Brigham Young University where he was studentbody president and where at this time their second daughter was born. This attracted interest among the students and a vote was held to decide what to name the baby. The winning name was Beverly Dawn. They returned to St. Johns and Roy taught in the high school in a very impressive way. His band was large as it included most of the students in that little school. One of their memorable activities was a trip to the Grand Canyon. He produced plays in the school and in the community and took a part in some of them. Some people said they didn't like to act in plays with him because he wouldn't learn his part well and would give cues that were unexpected. His effectiveness as a teacher was one of the reasons I chose the same profession. I enjoyed being with him when he was a teacher, a manager of a theater or manager of restaurants because he was so busy, effective and knowledgeable. Roy and Amy have a good family and I feel impelled to say that Beverly and Lee are examples to everyone of talent, personality and charity. Both are married to spouses of the same quality and there is no one to my knowledge that lives more Christ-like. I was honored to be asked to come to Holbrook to sing and speak at Roy's funeral in 1966.

ARMINA was a person I remember with fondness. She died of cancer a few months after I arrived home from the war in India and Burma. She was so aware of me as a little boy and arranged often to do favors for me. Living in Holbrook, she sent word to me that there was a Tarzan movie coming that she knew I would like to see. I can remember riding to Holbrook on the back of Francis Day's truck up among the grain sacks. She had Art give me a sorrel pony and she gave our family a radio when times were hard for us and radios were scarce. Another time she arranged for a ride for me to go to Los Angeles to visit with Pauline and her family. I remember this trip because while I was there Wiley Post and Will Rogers were killed in a plane crash and the news came while I was there. I will always feel indebted to Armina and Art for their goodness to me. Their children have always been impressive to me. Irene lives here in Provo with Farrel Lewis, her husband, and it is fun to be with her with her constant humor and positive attitude. Milton has been successful and prominent in the financial world. Annette has been a special person to me since she was born. She was a beautiful little girl and I was thrilled every time I saw her. I remember well when Art and Armina made a trip to Los Angeles and they brought her to our home to stay for a week while they were gone. As she grew up to be a woman she lost none of her charm for me. When she was my student in Holbrook High School she was very productive and valuable in the Drum and Bugle Corps, the A Cappella choir, and in music fundamentals class. I do enjoy keeping in touch with her after all these years.

ARMITTA was my first grade teacher and lived in our home. I am sure she was annoyed with me because little boys can be obnoxious. Sometimes she called me "Big Ears" which makes me think I was not exceptionally lovable. In later years she and Toby Younis took me to San Diego where we visited the zoo. As we traveled on the desert there was a cloudburst of unusual intensity. I have often heard in St. Johns that Armitta was one of the prettiest girls in town. To me she has been a person of real class, style and intelligence.

LEONA was still a little girl when I came along. We lived in the same home for many years and I feel nothing but love and respect for her. I am sure that I annoyed her in a way that only little brothers can, but there are absolutely no memories of anything unpleasant with her. When she worked as a secretary for Doctor Bouldin, she often ran errands for him in his car. I think it was a maroon colored Buick coupe. One time when I was riding with her she asked if I would like to go sixty miles an hour. I said I would and we did. It was amazing how fast the telephone poles went by. Leona is a dear sister and I do appreciate her love and concern for me. She has supported Bill through years of schooling and years of impressive leadership in the fields of medicine and psychiatry. They met at BYU where Leona was a studentbody officer. Today both are suffering from ill health and I am sure they are receiving the best help possible. Only today we received a Christmas package from them.

Leona's and Bill's children haven't been close to the family because they have lived so far away. When Buzz (William Clayton Jenkins III) came to St. Johns many years ago he was a little boy and he told us, "I live in Demder and I have a hnow toot." Colleen and her family have been outstanding academically.

Jack (JOHN ELWOOD) was my full brother. During his forty-one years of life, he demonstrated character traits that to me can only be described as superior. His birth was a welcome event to the family and we all loved him very much. It was not long, however, until it was discovered that his life would be filled with serious problems. He had cataracts on both eyes. Soon there were many operations on the little fellow and long trips as far away as San Diego and Salt Lake City. There were thick glasses and impaired vision as he tried to live through each day. Eventually, one eye had to be removed and replaced with a glass one.

In spite of the suffering Jack experienced, it did not slow the development of a splendid personality. He was a favorite in the community and even as a small boy, he was asked to sing frequently whenever there was a group of people. A song most requested was "I Wish I Had A Little, Tiny Fiddle" with all the actions.

School was not kind to Jack. Young people can be so cruel especially to others who have handicaps. Needless to say, socially Jack was on a bottom rung. He missed many of the party activities of his age group. It makes me ashamed to say that I certainly did not make his life easier at that time. I hate to think of the miserable times I gave him to which he always responded with kindnesses to me. I think that he never attended a social at school or primary where refreshments were served that he didn't bring some home to me.

I was away at college when Jack went to Tucson to the blind school where he learned Braille. I was in the service when he went to bakers' school and when he tried to join the Merchant Marine. He wanted so much to be a part of the war effort, but his eyes prevented his doing so. Since he couldn't fly, he paid for Donna to learn. He was short and stocky and very strong. One of the employees at Whiting's Cash Store where Jack worked told me of seeing him lift three hundred pounds.

When Mom was killed in our car accident, someone came and broke the news to him, but said that Rendol had been killed. Jack said, "No, it wasn't Rendol, it was Mom and Stan." How did he know that? With Mom gone Jack decided to go to school at

BYU. He had little money so he had to work. He worked in a bakery and his job started at 3:00 A.M. With badly impaired eyesight and studying a full college load, he did not have much sleep time. For some periods of time he slept only three hours a night. To stay awake while studying he put ice cubes in a dish pan and his bare feet on the ice cubes. He told of one night after studying late, he knelt to say his prayers and some time later a roommate woke him saying that he had prayed long enough. He had gone to sleep on his knees.

Jack was getting a degree in social psychology and after graduating from the Y he needed to go to the University of Utah. They refused to allow him to register because of his eyesight. However, with the help of Ken Keate and Marion D. Hanks, the General Authority, he was allowed to register. After doing what he could at the U of U we helped him to move to Modesto, California where he had a position at the mental hospital there. It was not easy working there with going to and from the hospital and suffering from some serious physical problems, but he was very successful. An administrator over the area where Jack worked told me after his death that records showed that while there Jack had been chiefly responsible for the rehabilitation of more than three hundred blind patients. We learned later that he was being considered to head the blind rehabilitation program for the entire state of California. It is truly amazing that while he was doing such effective work, he finished his doctorate in social psychology. When I was bogged down with the problems with my doctorate, I only had to think of how they compared with Jack's problems. Jack died in Modesto and we went there for services then on to St. Johns for his funeral. As we prepared to go to Modesto from Needles, Alan Crowe, husband of Rose Crowe my wonderful Relief Society president, insisted that we take his car which was in top mechanical condition.

At the time of Jack's death we wondered how the children would get along without him. But Betty has held them together admirably possibly because she needed them so much. Mark went through our music education program at BYU and upon graduation took a teaching job at Dixon Junior High School. Students, teachers and parents liked him and he soon became a leader among the teachers. After a few years he moved his family to Ramah, New Mexico where both he and Julie teach in the schools. They built themselves a beautiful large log home and presently it is paid for. Julie is a remarkable person and due to both, their children are great assets to their schools. Mark is on the stake high council and is stake mission president. (Very recently Mark has been called to be bishop of the Ramah, New Mexico Ward.) In addition, he is in charge of all the stake musical activities. Terrill graduated from BYU and presently is a park ranger at the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Last year she married another park ranger and she and Tom Pettit seem to be very happy. Rendol filled a mission then joined the Marines where he was decorated for bravery in rescuing some other marines from a hazardous situation. Anella, the youngest, spent some time in the army reserve. She completed training that was too strenuous for some men. She has demonstrated that she is plenty tough and after obtaining her teaching degree she teaches on the Indian reservation. She has three beautiful children. (Jan. 22, 1966- Last week we received an announcement of twin boys born the second of January.)

After Jack, my mother gave birth to two more babies, a boy and a girl. Both of them died when they were eight days old of yellow jaundice. The little boy's name was LEE STANTON and the little girl's, WANDA ANELLA. I faintly remember one of the babies. After the baby died, Mom was still in bed and a woman came to visit her. I think it was Lael Haws, wife of the sheriff. Mom told me to take her into the next room and show her the baby's body. I can remember folding the sheet back so she could see.

Writing about my youngest sister is quite difficult because this beautiful, talented, spiritual girl died only five months ago of bone cancer (Sept. 13, 1994) DONNA JEAN raised seven wonderful children and in doing so supported Ken through some trying times which included his bout with polio and other injuries. At times he was unemployed and food was scarce. Donna said that because of faith and prayer she found flour and other foods that were not put there by human hands. She was a good manager and like our mother, who she resembled, could make a meal out of nearly nothing. Donna was a sensitive musician, playing the piano and singing. She gave great service to the church and to communities where she lived with her musical abilities and other leadership capacities. As a genealogist she did some excellent work on our mother's lines. All of Donna's children are outstanding, but I want to mention Kristen, probably because she is so very much like Donna and like our mother, Aunt Nell. Kristen completed our music education course at BYU and did some music teaching in the schools. Her work is recognized as excellent by many people not only in music, but in service of many kinds. Only recently she has been released as ward Relief Society president. Possibly most outstanding is her role as a foster parent. It is amazing to see the changes she and Jack, her husband, have made in the lives of the children who have been put in their care. They even adopted a little boy to go with the three girls of their own. Last month, December 1995, She and her husband, Jack Howe, adopted and had sealed to them a little Indian girl and her little brother. Kristen composed a lovely song that Barbara sang at Donna's funeral. I miss Donna and the uplift she always gave me when I talked to her.

7. MY FAMILY

I think my personal family must have actually begun, if I consider what happened later, when I came home from school at Flagstaff one Thanksgiving. Holbrook was on the way and when I arrived there I went to see my brother, Roy. He told me that his high school dance orchestra was playing for a dance that evening at the church and suggested that I stay over and play the job with them. Being with Roy was always fun and playing the dance was no exception. The students in the band accepted me and playing with them was enjoyable. A girl playing alto saxophone was one of the group who made me feel welcome. While making her acquaintance was an event that didn't seem too important at the time, this young lady will occupy a prominent place as my story unfolds. A turkey was being raffled off that evening and Roy was conducting the drawing. Much to Roy's embarrassment I won the turkey.

The more I saw of BOBBIE LOUISE STANDIFIRD, the more I was impressed with her personality, her talent and her attention to me. We attended a county fair in Holbrook

and one in St. Johns and had a few dates but living in towns so far apart we really weren't together very often. I tried to make points with her and in my crude way did some dumb things. She was only a little bit plump, but I, trying to draw some attention, affectionately called her "Tubby" a few times. When passing quickly through Holbrook one time, I hurriedly called her home. When she answered the phone, I said "Hi Tubby". The voice on the other end said, "Who do you think you are talking to?" I said, "Isn't this Bobbie?" She said "No, this is her mother." The term described her mother quite fittingly so I got out of town quickly.

Bobbie was and is a fun person, so during the period between my third year in college and my training in the Army Air Force to go overseas, we dated periodically and not very steadily. Things were shaping up to our being together more when, at her suggestion, I made arrangements to start driving truck for her father on a supply and mail route out onto the Navajo and Hopi Indian reservations. I had already enlisted in the service and the night before I was to start driving, I received notice to report to Santa Ana, California to begin pilot training. What would have happened if I had worked there for a period of time?

Our squadron was training at Gainesville, Florida when I decided that, in spite of our not knowing each other well, Bobbie was the girl with whom I wanted to spend the rest of my life. So, I wrote her suggesting that we get married. She agreed and we did.

About a week after the wedding, Bobbie went back to Florida with me. For four or five days we rode a chair car on the train, sleeping and eating the best we could. Both of us were so tired we were silly. Somewhere down in Mississippi or Alabama we were sitting across from an old lady when the train stopped and a vendor came on the train selling sandwiches. We bought some and when we started to eat we discovered that the sandwiches consisted of two slabs of white bread and a slab of cheese. There was no dressing of any kind. This was so ridiculous Bobbie just doubled up laughing and she couldn't stop. The old lady said, "Young man, tell your wife to stop laughing when there is nothing to laugh about." Bobbie laughed all the harder.

We lived off base in Lakeland and Bobbie got a job cashiering in a grocery store. She made life really worthwhile for us there for about two months, then she got on the train to go home and I got on a train to go somewhere unknown. It turned out to be the port of San Pedro in California where we boarded ship to sail to Bombay, India.

While I was gone, Bobbie led a lonely life working and finding entertainment the best she could. She performed wonderfully as a war bride writing regularly and sending goodies.

At one time the mail came to our air base at Cox's Bazaar in Burma and in it was a package from Bobbie of cakes, cookies, etc. In spite of my efforts to make these treats last, thanks to my buddies, they disappeared quickly and I threw the box away. In a few days I was shocked to see Bobbie's picture sitting on a stand near one of the fellow's bed. I was crushed and my imagination turned hand springs. Finally I got enough courage to ask the fellow where he got that picture. He said, "I found it in the bottom of a box out where we put the trash. I thought if I put it on my stand, someone would claim it." I had

been so occupied with the food I didn't look carefully in the box where the important part of the package was.

When I finally returned from overseas, Bobbie was ready to catch up on a little bit of living, but I wasn't cooperative. She put up with nonsense while I was trying to learn to be a truck driver, but she supported my decision to go back to Flagstaff to finish my degree and obtain a teaching certificate. She was a good sport all the time.

At school in Flagstaff, we lived in a housing area and one cold night Bobbie woke me saying that the motor of a car parked nearby had been running for a long time and she was afraid that maybe something might have happened to whoever was inside. She asked me to go out and check on the situation. I put on my clothes and went out. The couple in the car were thoroughly enjoying themselves and were more than a little annoyed at my looking at them through the window and the motor was running.

Bobbie did well for herself at the school. While taking a class or two as a part-time student, she sang in the Shrine of the Ages choir, was chosen to sing in the special girls' trio and studied with Jack Swartz and Vena Ewing. Everyone liked her and admired her talent.

The first year of teaching in St. Johns we lived in an old home my mother had bought and renovated. The house was satisfactory except that Bobbie wanted some color in the rooms. I painted one room pink, another green, and still another blue. She never did want that much variety of colors again. I am amazed at the number of people in St. Johns that Bobbie became acquainted in that one year.

When we moved to Holbrook we bought an old square adobe house in Mexican town from the Grayards. Bobbie was a good sport and fixed the place up so we enjoyed living there. But, there was one room she hated. It was the bathroom which was painted a horrible dark blue. Needless to say, we changed the color when we could.

Four of the children were born in Holbrook and the things I remember best are her pregnancies and the births of the children, buying a nice radio and record player, Jack's living with us to work during the summers, and Bobbie's helping with the books at her Dad's service station. Bobbie was, and is an excellent mother, but there is one story that needs to be told. Soon after Melodie was born, Bobbie decided one afternoon to go visit her mother. She dressed both herself and Stan to go. They went to her mother's house and while visiting her mother asked, "Where is the baby?" For some reason Bobbie had forgotten she had Melodie and had gone leaving this new baby in the house alone. One can imagine what happened next.

Bobbie made much out of Stan's birthdays and for one of them she had me borrow the school bus and we took the children to a dry lake bed out on the Woodruff turn off where the children rode stick horses all over the area searching for "hidden treasures". At another time, Stan was so pleased when his mother made him a beautiful uniform, complete with drum major's hat, so he could march in parades with the high school girls' drum and bugle corps.

We still remember the night after a dance when Bug and I, without looking, backed our cars into each other. Then there was the Halloween evening that we went "trick or treating", and as oversized trick or treaters, made real nuisances of ourselves.

That was the night Bobbie, in her costume, stole the treat bags from some children then immediately gave them back.

Moving to Chandler was a good experience for Bobbie. The weather was much more comfortable and she had a chance to move into a new home. She had been a good sport living in the old house in Holbrook with its thick adobe walls, its location in the Mexican part of town, its high ceilings, and its awful dark blue bathroom. I think she enjoyed living in Chandler with its lawns, flowers, and bushes and its proximity to larger cities like Mesa and Phoenix. She also enjoyed our association with the Bruces and the Pickerals.

After our comfortable life in Chandler our move to Flagstaff to teach in the college was difficult for her. We were scheduled to be head residents of Babbitt Hall which was not completed so we lived in a gymnasium for a while with all the boys assigned to that hall. Unfortunately, there was a flu epidemic in Flagstaff and, with my responsibilities at the school, Bobbie was kept busy with many unwanted problems.

It was also during this year that Bobbie had a tough miscarriage which she handled all by herself without a bit of help from me. She demonstrated some real strength of character. While living in the dormitory she became popular with the boys who lived there.

Life in Needles gave Bobbie some real challenges which she met in an admirable manner. My teaching duties kept me away from early mornings until many late evenings. Caring for the children was no easy task which she handled pretty much by herself. On one occasion she showed unusual courage and stamina riding on water skis behind our big boat. Her big challenge came, however, when I was called to be bishop in addition to my professional assignments. Besides caring for the home and the children, Bobbie served in several callings in the ward, such as, finance chairman for the building fund, supervisor of the dime-a-dip dinners, and teacher in the auxiliaries. I think possibly the hardest task she had during this time was putting up with Sister Snyder who personally used much of my time and then said that Bobbie should be very grateful to have a man like me.

As we made ready to move to Provo, Bobbie came alone to find and make arrangements to buy a home. She was successful and located us in Edgemont in a comfortable brick home with fruit trees, a flower garden, and a large recreation area including a basketball court over our back fence. In Provo, she was pretty much a homemaker until she bought and operated a Mode-O-Day dress shop. She managed this business until she moved to Boulder, Colorado with the family to be with me as I completed a Doctor of Philosophy degree at the University. This leads me to a situation that is profoundly faith-promoting to me.

BYU gave me a half salary for a year to help me get an advanced degree and when she moved to Boulder that year was nearly over. This meant that she needed to get a good job to support the family. Well, to do this, she walked the streets for several days reporting at night that she felt she would be hired. But she was not hired and the days passed. One day she read in the paper that the University would be giving tests for hiring new people. Bobbie had not worked as a secretary for many years and was not sure she could pass the tests to get a job. Nevertheless, we were getting desperate so she obtained materials and put in some hard hours of study. To make a long story short, she passed the

test exceptionally well and was hired for a job, not just any job, but for our circumstances, the best job in Boulder. She became the secretary to the Dean of the Graduate School and through some pretty fancy manipulating, obtained for me an NDEA fellowship worth forty-five hundred dollars. There is no way this could have been only circumstantial. We received divine help. Also it was no small task for her to type my dissertation in addition to holding down a full time job.

After returning home to Provo, Bobbie was so accustomed to being where the action is, staying home was not very attractive to her. She worked for some time at BYU in the Family Living Department, but was not treated fairly so she left. She worked with Lou Gibbons in some social work programs and was soon hired to be the director of the Meals on Wheels program where she earned a good name among city and county officials as an effective manager. After the meals experience she obtained a license and sold real estate quite effectively.

Outstanding in Bobbie's activities is her musical ability. From her early childhood she has done exceptional musical things probably because music of some kind has been a daily occurrence with her. Lila, her mother, grew up with musical sisters and they sang all the time. After she had a home of her own, Lila continued to sing for herself and for others constantly. Bobbie inherited much of this natural musicianship which enabled her to excel in school and church activities. Head drummer in the high school drum and bugle corps, taking parts in operettas and plays, learning valuable harmony lessons from Viva Hulet on the piano, frequently singing solos and in ensembles, singing in the Shrine of the Ages choir and in the special college trio, singing in the Ralph Woodward Chorale, giving music lessons, and directing a ward choir are some of her accomplishments.

Bobbie's life is a good story and I am pleased that she is presently getting it written with illustrating pictures. I will conclude my writing about her by mentioning the exceptional work she performed as a missionary to the Argentina Buenos Aires North Mission. Among her remarkable achievements was the directing of a missionary choir for the visit of Apostle Joseph Wirthlin and his wife, being a good Relief Society President in an impossible situation, showing unbelievable toughness when she broke her shoulder in a bicycle accident, and being a dependable wife and companion throughout the mission.

My personal history would not be complete without telling of Bobbie's parents. George and Lila Standifird have definitely been a part of my life. In the first place Bobbie was raised by them and then lived with them while I was in India and Burma during the war. And when I returned we lived with them for a while until we left to go back to school. George was generous first in offering me a partnership in the business and then giving us free use of his truck, tools, and machinery whenever we asked. He had great confidence in my teaching ability and claimed that I did well anything I tried to do. In the last part of his life I tended to his personal care nearly completely. Lila was a genuine old-fashioned lady. She was a wonderful cook and displayed this talent every day. Her spunk became evident quite often when she used it on George. Her music was a joy and she was as good a choir member as I ever had. The old songs, especially the sentimental ones, were her favorites. Lila was my good friend and often took my side when Bobbie misbehaved.

Writing about STAN ALAN is difficult even now. I loved that little boy, as I do all of our children, more than life itself. The memory that comes most quickly to my mind is his coming to meet me after my classes at the college in Flagstaff that fateful summer. He would take hold of my hand and say "Daddy, lets do Rig-a-jig-jig." We would skip down the sidewalk taking big steps and singing. He was such a brilliant little fellow. He had a remarkable perception of how things were and no one put things over on him. He loved to march with the all-girl Drum and Bugle Corps and in his uniform he would strut with the best of them. Bobbie taught him some nursery rhymes and the way he ended Little Jack Horner often comes to my mind. "He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said what a good boy he am is." Even though I remember nothing of the wreck I still grieve over the fact that I was driving the car when it happened. What a blessing it is that I can remember nothing of the horrible scene I saw. However, I have been comforted by the strong feeling that for some reason, Stan was wanted back on the other side. To have had that little boy in our home for those three and a half short years was a precious blessing.

Another vital and great blessing came after the wreck in which our little MELODIE was hurt so badly we were told that she probably would not live. However, through the power of the priesthood and the constant, tender, and professional care of Bobbie's aunt, Ruby Standifird, Melodie made rapid improvement. Her first birthday was certainly not a very happy one. Some time later we took her to a specialist who had to re-break her arm and set it correctly. She was put in a body cast to help it heal.

How can I express the deep feelings I have for this wonderful girl now that I look back at her growing up with the understanding I now have. Her childhood could have provided more security and better emotional development if we, her parents, had been more aware and understanding of her feelings, her activities, and her experiences. From the beginning she has had unusual musical sensitivity. Learning the flute, the saxophone, and the piano have not been unnatural to her. Those skills came quite easily and effectively. (She is now learning the cello.)

Her days in grammar school, in the musical groups, the children's' choruses, and in the church programs were marked with remarkable achievements. At home she was a good daughter and contributed much to our family life. One great experience I will never forget is the daddy-daughter date we had in the cafeteria in Needles. It was special fun because we went on the date in our newly-purchased, little, yellow Studebaker convertible.

The last years in Needles and the first years in Provo are years that I regret as far as Melodie is concerned. These days were so miserable for her she has said she can't remember anything about them. Regardless of the problems, she performed admirably and received commendable recognitions.

Evidences of her effective life in high school, and even more in college, are the many teachers, professors and students who continue to ask about her. Her student teaching experiences had a great effect on her and she did some outstanding things. While in the ISTEP program, she went with a group to Vernal, Utah to do some work with children in a retarded program. She and Dr. Ivan Muse discovered there a little boy who was blind, but certainly not retarded and definitely out of place in that school. The little

boy also had some physical problems. Melodie and Dr. Muse brought that boy back to Provo and made arrangements for taking care of his problems.

As a part of student training, the students were taken on a camp out for several nights. Among the training experiences the students were required to sleep "solo", that is, sleeping a considerable distance away from any other person, rappel down a cliff, and ride a fast zipline from up high to the bottom. Melodie did all of these things and declared that she could do things she didn't think she could do.

Melodie did her student teaching at Dixon Junior High School. With another student teacher they planned a make-believe space trip to a newly-discovered planet to colonize it. Plans were made for incidents that would make the pupils in the class forget that it was make-believe. The lesson came off with unbelievable success and soon after a mother wrote a letter to The Daily Herald asking why the regular teacher in the classroom could not be as creative and effective as the student teachers.

While Rick was still in school and when Melodie was expecting Amie, she decided to get her Master's degree. And she did just that. Getting a doctorate is well within her capacity and she would do it as well as she does everything else.

I know of no person who seeks perfection more than Melodie. She is constantly searching for ways to do anything better. While many people strive to prove that what they are doing or have done is good enough, others, like Melodie, look for ways that are better. I mustn't forget to write of Melodie's singing with the Boise City Chorus. We were able to attend one of their concerts and were thrilled with its excellence and were proud of Melodie's participation. A highlight in her life came when she was able to go with Bill on the Tabernacle Choir to the Holy Land. She experienced some profound spiritual experiences there and when she returned she prepared a presentation to share those experiences with others.

If we had searched the world over with a fine-toothed comb we could not have found a better man for Melodie than Rick Lamm. He has all the qualities of a gentleman. He is athletic ("macho" as anyone would want). He is spiritual, intelligent, sensitive, and tender. Amie, Lisa, Parker, Marshall, Barrett, and McKenzie are blessed with a model home. Marrying Rick was really one of Melodie's most significant accomplishments.

Frequently, I think I see in Melodie's thinking and behavior, indications of principles and values identical to those of my mother. This is pleasing to me because these principles and values are my own. Melodie is a great woman.

I might write now that Amie was married last November the day after Thanksgiving to Jeff Vance and is now expecting a baby. Lisa is working here in Provo and will enter BYU when school starts. Parker was injured quite seriously last fall and missed considerable school. He and Marshall rolled their pickup on an icy day this spring and had to be cut from the wreckage, but both are in great shape now. Marshall is a natural athlete and proved it by making twenty-six points in a basketball game last season. Barrett is doing well, scholastically and with the girls. McKenzie is a fisherman and amazes everyone every day with his thoughts and actions.

Bill (WILLIAM LYTLE) came along four months after the terrible accident relieving our anxiety for him because his mother was seriously injured at that time. He had suffered no bad effects and was perfect except that he had one more toe than he

needed. He was a cute little boy and while in Chandler some high school girls came and asked if he could ride on their Fairyland float as a pixie. While growing up Bill was always a peacemaker and related well to everyone. Melodie seemed to take the lead and make the rules for the things they did and for some reason at one time she smacked him and broke his jaw. He did well at the training school in Flagstaff and caught the special attention of his teacher, Ms. Roseberry.

Days in Needles were enjoyable for Bill. Two exceptionally good friends were Sam Thompson and Tim Taylor. The desert was fun especially when we made trips out to a large hill called Snaggletooth. Most conspicuous in the schools in Needles was Bill's mastery of the clarinet. He was in the sixth grade, not yet in junior high school, when he was taken to Parker, Arizona to participate in a junior high school music festival. For his performance Bill was selected as the outstanding soloist of the entire festival. In Provo he was chosen to play in the all-state band, but could not do so because we moved to Boulder, Colorado. During adolescence, Bill had acne problems that he handled in an admirable way.

Bill has not stopped doing great things. He graduated from BYU in economics. He has worked for companies and for the church. His mission to Japan was excellent as he learned the language rapidly and well enough to be the first Anglo missionary assigned to a native Japanese companion. On the mission he was exceptionally frugal and upon returning gave me three hundred dollars he had saved. Like a good missionary, not long after being released he married Betty Hansen, and they became parents of three super individuals, Steffan, Heather, and Joshua. (Today (October 4, 1995), Steffan is expecting to receive his mission call in the mail.) (Steffan received his call to Indianapolis and we hear that since arriving in the mission field he has really become alive.) We are very proud of him. Heather is a fine student and has done well with piano and her voice. She enjoys coming to our house and doing things with Bobbie. Josh is growing tall and is exceptionally handsome. He has many friends and in plays he has demonstrated that he has inherited talent for drama from his Grandfather Hansen. Betty is a truly remarkable person. She has a sharp mind which she uses effectively and is knowledgeable about many things, especially the theater and drama. She was raised in a family of girls and coming into the family with Bill, Jim, and John (and Rendol) was something of a shock to her.

Realizing that his degree in economics did not provide him with the marketable skills he needed, Bill went to work on becoming a Certified Public Accountant. With a few courses at the Y he studied intensely by himself. After taking the tests he was, of course, very concerned about the outcome and on the bus one day going to work he read in a newspaper that he had passed in all four areas. Experience has proven that it requires taking the tests two or even three times for many applicants to qualify in all four areas, so Bill was excited and pleased that he had passed completely the first time.

Singing has played an important part in Bill's life and through considerable effort became a member of the Utah Symphony Chorus and later a member of the Tabernacle Choir. Participation in this famed Choir has been an inspiring experience for Bill and this in addition to the choir excursions to Europe, the Holy Land, and places in the US has given precious meaning to his life. Tabernacle Choir members are set apart as missionaries which Bill says accurately describes the effectiveness of choir performances.

All this has been terminated just this week as Bill has resigned from the choir to accept a calling as a counselor to a bishop in a BYU ward. He called last night to ask me to come to a meeting on Sunday to ordain him a high priest. Bill is a great man.

It was in the early evening of March fourth, 1954, that found our family around the table in the kitchen eating supper. There were five of us -- myself, Bobbie (who was very pregnant), Melodie, Bill, and Lila (who had come from Oklahoma to be with Bobbie). Suddenly, Bobbie said, "Oh, oh, Someone call the hospital and get some water running in the bathtub." We did what she said in a real hurry and ten minutes later Bobbie and I were at the hospital. Only a few minutes later I called home and heard Lila say, "Now calm down, Rendol, it is going to be a long night." I answered, "What do you mean, a long night? I've called to tell you that the baby has been born and we have another boy." And that is the story of Jim's (JAMES DAVID) spectacular entrance into the world. He has been no less sensational ever since.

From the beginning, Jim has been a happy person, but certainly with a very strong mind of his own. In Chandler when he was about three years old, the older children would call him Mister Beary and he would chase them, laughing all the time. It was when we got to Needles that his charisma and leadership qualities began to appear and not for the best reasons. He organized the boys in his class (the first or second grade) to make problems for the girls. He was in the principal's office a number of times. These boys convinced themselves that milk was not good for them because it came from girl cows. Their not drinking milk aroused a protest from their mothers, so the boys created a ritual to defeminize it and make it fit to drink.

I thought it commendable when we were doing everything we could think of to raise money for a new chapel in Needles, Jim and Wayne Hardy went out on the desert, gathered the prettiest rocks they could find, and sold them from door to door to raise money. They were little boys and their efforts were amusing to their customers.

Our boys soon found good friends when we moved to Provo and enjoyed them playing in the big play area and basketball court over the fence from our back fence. One activity they enjoyed, but which did not please the police, was throwing water balloons at the cars passing on University Avenue.

Back problems have plagued Jim through his life. One time he was working out in Mapleton and someone called to say that he was completely immobilized on the job with a severe back spasm. We went out with a van to bring him home and had to lay him on a board to move him. In spite of some physical problems, Jim was a far better than average athlete. John has always said that if Jim had played high school football, he would have been an outstanding ball carrier.

Conforming to wearing popular styles and imitating popular behaviors never has appealed to Jim. While in high school a fad was to wear snob-brand shirts, socks, and other clothing. This appalled Jim and he went to Deseret Industries to buy and conspicuously wear much plainer kinds of clothing. He loved to create fads of his own.

Through adolescence and even later, Jim endured in a most admirable way a severe case of acne. Through the pain and the humiliation of this terrible defacing condition he maintained a self-image and a self-confidence that can only be attributed to a great and

wonderful character. This is the real Jim and these magnificent qualities have continued to manifest themselves throughout his life.

With characteristic charisma Jim dated, courted and married a most unusual, motorcycle riding, marathon running, paddleball winning, bicycle peddling girl who turned out to be a wonderful mother. Believe me there is nothing dull about being related to Leslie who never allows moss to grow under her feet. She is super-active all the time pursuing her many interests. They have five wonderful children, J.D. (James David Jr. - J.D. announce this last week his intentions to fill a mission. What a great guy. Today his beginning his study for a real estate license.) Sydney is now married and expecting a baby any day. (Because of the passing of time while I am writing this history, Sydney has now had her baby, a little boy to be named Christian Joseph Fullmer. This baby has caused Sydney to make some very significant changes in her life.) Jacob will be the tall member of Jim's family. He is spending mornings now practicing to become a receiver on the football team. Jordan is becoming a very good-looking boy. He is growing rapidly and is an exceptional worker when he gets interested in a project. Samantha is a sweet, beautiful little girl who does well in school, has many friends, likes to come to our house and eat potato chips. All have unique personalities and abilities. We love each of them very much.

College life had little appeal for Jim. He tried it for a while, but with courses like Don Earl's class about music appreciation the monotony was more than he could take. However, with his personality and his creative thinking he established himself quite rapidly in real estate development. Dealing with large sums of money has seemed to be natural for Jim and he has built and sold some of the fine condominium complexes here in Provo. Perhaps some of the problems he has had stemmed from his deep-set desire to please people and doing things for others even to his own disadvantages. Jim is generous to a fault and I remember when a single-parent neighbor needed a refrigerator so he bought one for her. And then, there was the time that my oldest sister, Pauline, was destitute out in Salem and Jim took several hundred dollars out to her. I also must mention Jim's giving me shirts, trousers, sweaters and suits, some of which will last me the remainder of my life.

Another of his remarkable traits he has shown in the way he has handled the lack of progress in creating, developing, selling his fantastic idea for helping businesses and institutions save large sums of money in buying needed materials and services. Although his efforts didn't turn out as he had wanted, he did demonstrate amazing ingenuity and perseverance as he worked. In the last few months his severely crushed thumb and his broken shoulder have caused him intense suffering, yet he has constantly maintained an unbelievable smiling attitude, great faith, and optimism. I am grateful for all of my sons.

The last of my boys is John (JOHN RENDOL), equal to his brothers in intelligence, ability, character, personality and integrity. His babyhood was marred by illness and a tragic accident in which a small suction cup on the end of a play arrow was lodged in his throat. This accident aroused the concern of the whole ward, the entire community in fact. They arranged for a plane to fly us to Phoenix where Bobbie's uncle, Lynn Standifird had made sure there were two ambulances and a fire truck at the airport to meet us. The tower kept the huge commercial airplanes circling to allow our small

plane to use the principle runway. John was rushed to the hospital where his fragile, little life was touch and go for a few days. Finally, after he returned home to Needles, he saw Dr. Glen Harward so often he called the doctor, "Daddy." Melodie was a great help with John when he was a baby.

Although John was six years younger than Jim, he considered himself one of the boys and tried to do the things they did. He was very musical from the beginning and sang his own tunes nearly all the time. He sang tune accompaniments to his actions which were amazingly rhythmically accurate. Violin lessons from Steven Goodman gave him a good start and he continued while we lived in Boulder Colorado. One day he said to me, "Daddy, sometimes I hear the prettiest music in my mind." I asked him to sing some melodies to me, which he did and I wrote them down and arranged them into a violin solo with accompaniment which he played in sacrament meeting in the Boulder Second Ward.

The Little League program made John want to play baseball better, so we developed a way to help him keep his eyes on the ball when batting. He said he was getting better and one day I was late getting to one of his games, but I arrived just in time to see him hit a "grand slam home run."

Coming home from Boulder put an end to John's violin playing. It didn't take long for sports to replace any ambitions toward music. John's teachers in the elementary schools were impressed with his concern for the other children especially those who were mistreated by other children. He has always paid extra attention to the feelings of others.

To me, a great miraculous accomplishment in John's life has been his overcoming the emotional damage that accompanied a most severe case of acne that lasted for years. His face and body were covered with huge sores so terrible that he was hospitalized twice. His doctor said it was the worst he had ever seen. How he has prevented its affecting his life is more than I can understand.

John's physical strength is amazing. He has given many long days of extremely hard labor in construction, farming and other kinds of activities. His athletic ability is admirable which he demonstrated in football, basketball, and in track. At any time now he will talk intelligently about politics, government, current events, religion, or just about anything else. Where, when, and how he gets and remembers all this information is a big question to both his mother and me.

Possibly most admirable is the way he carries out his role of husband and father. He truly loves Jennifer and the kids most of all. They are priority. Jennifer is a quiet, gentle lady. She is very intelligent and has many talents and abilities, but one would never know it because she is so unassuming. The one area that has her priority and special interest is that of being a wife, mother, and homemaker. These things really come first and one can know this observing the behaviors and actions of their children. Jason, Kylie, Kristie, and Sarah are remarkable children. They certainly are taught correct principles and the basic values of life are given attention and emphasis in their home. Jennifer has done a superb job in home-teaching her children. Jason is a fine young man growing tall, studying well, and magnifying his priesthood. He also recently received the Star rank in Scouting. Kylie is beautiful. She has a quiet, intelligent manner that makes her a fun person. Kristie is a very attractive redhead who demonstrates love and affection all the time. One time her mother heard her talking outside on the trampoline. Jenny asked who

she was talking to. Kristie said, "I'm talking to Jesus. He isn't a baby is he?" When John came home, Jenny told him about it. John asked Kristie about it and she told him she had talked with Jesus. When John asked what Jesus said, she answered, "He said, 'Bah Humbug.'" Sarah is the last, but certainly not the least. We have observed how completely she involves herself in activities like serving everyone in the room with her toy dishes, then clearing them away to put them where they belong. Like the others, she is a beautiful person and she contributes much to the family.

A great blessing to my life has been possible because of the musical abilities of my boys. It has been so much fun when we have been together to sing impromptu quartet songs. I could sound a pitch and we could give accurate four-part harmony to many of the old songs. I especially remember I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad and the hymn Brightly Beams Our Fathers Mercy.

I don't know how a man could be blessed more. My family is made up of outstanding individuals. To receive this precious blessing is unbelievable especially since I do not feel worthy and deserving of it. I am so grateful.

8. MY BOYHOOD IN ST. JOHNS

St. Johns, Arizona, my home town was a unique community. The population numbered about fifteen hundred. Most of the people were Mormons, but there were quite a few Mexicans. The grammar schools were segregated, the Mexican school was District #1 and the Anglo school was District #11. The Mexican population occupied the eastern part of town living mostly in adobe houses. There was a family or two who were more affluent like the Garcias. Mrs. Garcia was county school superintendent. She had an office in the courthouse where my Dad's office was located and I found her to be a very good friend. The Barths and the Schusters were part Mexican. They all seemed to belong to the Catholic church and their church building was on the eastern edge of main street and their cemetery two miles east of town. I don't know why there was so much segregation and it always seemed inconsistent with the principles of the gospel that the Mexicans were treated in such a way. Dad always had Mexican families living on our farms and Mexican men came to work around our home. Faintly I remember two old Mexican men who came quite frequently to our home to work and get food. Their names were Felipe and Sycandino. There were also two old Navajo Indians who would appear occasionally for the same reasons. They were Imo and Prescott. We children were afraid of them.

The Mormon people who settled St. Johns were good, strong people. I have heard that one of the general authorities of the church stated that those people were exceptionally faithful or they never could have survived in that valley. The small town was typical where everyone knows everyone else's business, but it was a good place to live.

Just south of town were two lakes. The lake nearest town was called the Padre and it abounded in trash fish such as carp and suckers. When that lake was low we would spear the fish with pitch forks and often suffer later from rashes on our legs from wading in the muddy water. The Padre disappeared many years ago. The other lake, just south of the Padre, was the little reservoir. It was called the little reservoir because the big

reservoir was the Lyman Dam about twelve miles south of town. The "little resy" was the town swimming hole where the boys would go "skinny-dipping" making sure to dive into the water whenever a car motor was heard. At this point the lake was about a quarter of a mile wide and after I learned to swim, I swam across it and back. The little reservoir was where I was baptized by Floyd Stradling, a priest.

The town was not level, the south end being higher on hills and sloping toward lower points to the north. After farmers began irrigating out on the bench west of town, the lower areas became a swamp. It was on a small hill on the edge of this wet land that Uncle Richard Gibbons built a gray brick home that he later sold to my father. Our cows pastured out where the standing water had caused the salt grass to grow long and the bulrushes to grow tall. Nearly every evening I had to wade out to bring in the cows and then wash the slimy mud off their udders so I could milk them. (I started milking when I was eight years old.) During the spring, summer, and fall there were many bird nests out in the bulrushes and during the winter there were ducks and geese.

In the summertime there would often come cloudbursts that would turn the entire swamp into a huge river of rushing water. Rain water would drain from the higher places and the western bench and rush down through that swamp with great turbulence. One time after a cloudburst when the water was raging, Milton (Mickey) Whiting, then only two or three years old, fell into the water and my mother went right in after him, clothes and all.

To the north of town about two miles are some clay hills like the hills of the Painted Desert which lies some forty miles to the northwest. The clay is blue which accounts for the name, the Blue Hills. The clay has hardened into small particles like balls that roll under one's feet. We would carry boards to the top of the hills then ride down fast over the little balls of clay providing a thrill. This activity still persists there.

Several times while I was in grammar school, Grandma Whiting hired me to help harvest honey from the numerous bee hives she kept in her back yard. To prevent being stung we would dress with extra trousers, sweaters, gloves and a hat with cloth screens to protect our faces. Since it was always summertime, this costume was not comfortable. Grandma Whiting would take the lids off the hives, lift out the frames, brush off the bees, and hand them to me to carry into the honey house where the wax would be skimmed off with hot knives. The frames, full of honey, were placed in the extractor which turns with such speed the centrifugal force throws the honey out of the frames into the extractor. I would then take the empty frames out so they could be placed in the hives for the bees to fill again.

The community always had some kind of recreation. My recollections are faint, but I remember going to some silent movies. The cowboy pictures were the best and from these pictures we little boys selected "heroes" whose names we would assume in our stick-horse play. Frank Gibbons was Tom Mix and I was Fred Thompson. Fred had a beautiful white horse. A "talkie" I remember was a movie called "Wings", a war picture about airplanes. For some reason I relate the song, Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time, to this movie.

The people of St. Johns enjoyed dancing. Of course, the holiday dances were the biggest and best, but there were frequent dances held regularly just for dancing's sake.

Special holiday dances were the Junior Prom, Senior Hop, Fourth of July, Twenty-fourth of July, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and the real big one, New Year's Eve. St., Johns always had dance orchestras and some of the leaders were Roy Gibbons, Jim Shreeve, Demar Isaacson, and I, too, had an orchestra for a time. The dances were not mixed, the Mexican people having their own, usually wedding dances which included their wedding grand marches that lasted as long as an hour. Often the high school gym was decorated and I remember one dance when blue gelatin paper was placed over the flood lights to create an impression of moonlight. It did look pretty, but the blue light made the rouge and lipstick on the girls' faces stand out in black blobs that made them look hideous. However, it seemed to have no effect on the dance, but we in the orchestra were amused at how some of the girls looked.

Bearing the burden of the huge debt incurred by the Lyman Dam disaster, my parents had difficulties financially. To supplement his meager salary as a bookkeeper, my father tried the chicken business. I remember when several boxes, about a yard square, with baby chicks came in the mail. The chicks were put in a back bedroom for a week or so and tended very carefully. Two large chicken coops were built. One was of lumber about twenty-five yards long and the other was adobe with a granary in one end. One Sunday morning while we were at Sunday School, a whirlwind, or should I say baby tornado, entered the door of the adobe coop and blew the corrugated tin roof off. While in the chicken business we shipped crates of eggs, which were candled to make sure they were marketable. I remember when eggs were ten cents a dozen.

Only when one comes to know how different things can be does one appreciate the wonderful blessings that have occurred by being born into a family of individuals with unusual characters and personalities in a small town composed of talented, stable, and caring neighbors. This was truly my lot in my earlier years. As I awaken my memories of those days, the constant peace and quiet of the days and nights is a feeling I recall. After going to bed those usually clear, often star and moonlit nights, there were always the sounds of croaking frogs and chirping crickets that seemed to make going to sleep easier. At the first sign of light in the morning, all the roosters in town would join in sounding their Reveille to get the day started.

I feel impressed now to write more about more about my mother and about her effect on me. She loved people and especially little children and babies. Many people have told me what a lovable person she was. I have observed her with little ones and know the intense feeling she had towards them. Well, she was thirty-three years old when I was born and one can imagine the special treatment I received as a baby. There were older half-sisters in the home and I know they contributed to my tender loving care. A few individuals have enjoyed telling me what a "brat" I was. Mom kept a diary for me for several years telling what I did everyday. She had great expectations for me and I wonder at times how much she has been disappointed.

While I was growing up, Mom made constant efforts to give me every opportunity possible. She had me take tap dancing lessons from Warda Hulsey from Nutrioso. How she labored, to get me to practice the piano with lessons from good teachers including Letty A. Patterson. A great regret in my life is that I did not respond productively to this opportunity. She made sure I attended Primary consistently while I

was a Trail Builder and for this my picture with cap and bandalo appeared in the Children's' Friend. I still remember the Trail Builder song.

Oh we are the boy Trail Builders out west where the sunset glows,
Where the brooks flow down like silver from the heights of the virgin snows.
We build our trails in the valleys where the heart beats light and free,
Out here in the west from the pine-clad crest to the shores of the rolling sea.

When I was a Boy Scout I was chosen to be a patrol leader and Mom helped me choose the name, "The Lone Wolf Patrol" and she bought a picture of a lone wolf in the snow to hang in our patrol den. Before summer camp one year, the physical exam showed that I had a heart murmur so my activity at camp was somewhat restricted that summer. The second day we were there, a car came from home to tell my assistant patrol leader, Ted Plumb, that his father had died and to take him home. Another clear memory is of the court of honor at which I was receiving an award for pacing a mile in twelve minutes. Judge and Stake President Levi S. Udall was checking my qualifications and asked if I knew how far a mile is. I had a feeling he wanted to confuse me a little, but I answered, like a smart aleck, "Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet or one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards." For some reason I have not forgotten this.

Sometime while I was a scout, Elder Oscar A. Kirkham came to St. Johns as a stake conference visitor. He was a huge man with a raspy voice which made it sound as if he could whisper as loud as most people can talk. He was also known throughout the nation as a great scout leader. That Sunday was my birthday so my mother invited Brother Kirkham and some of my friends to come to our home for refreshments after the evening meeting. They all came and Brother Kirkham made it a glorious experience. Years later when my dance orchestra was playing for a dance at a convention of M Men and Gleaners in Snowflake, which Brother Kirkham attended as a General Authority, he saw me and came to talk with me, surprisingly remembering my name.

Preschool and grammar school are so far away it is difficult to separate my experiences in them. But I suppose the exact time things occurred is not really important. I had a happy childhood and with so many people tending to my every need and probably to most of my wants, how could it have been different. I was well protected, even over-protected, if there is a reason or excuse for my fear of being physically or emotionally hurt that has extended well into my later life. Avoiding insecurity and painful experiences is something of a natural human tendency, but I wonder to what extent it has affected my behavior. Being afraid can certainly diminish one's abilities and activities.

While I was still at home most of the time, Leona would have students come to the house for dancing and gymnastics lessons. She was a good teacher and I watched intently as the students practiced and learned. It was pleasing to me, even at that young age, that Leona's prize student was Virginia Cowley, who I thought was the prettiest girl in town.

One evening a group of Leona's friends, perhaps from twenty to twenty-five years in age, came to our home with the purpose of organizing a social club with greeting words, signs, and simple ceremonies private and secret to only them. As the business was beginning, I found a small space between the piano and the wall and sat there, quite well

hidden from most of the participants. Well into the business of the meeting, one of the fellows spotted me, lifted me from my ringside seat, and escorted me from the room. However, it was not until I had heard their most important password, which I remember to this day. It was an Indian word with special meaning, pronounced, "Ee-ay-boo-shay."

I have already mentioned the usual peace and quiet that was St. Johns at night, but not all nights enjoyed this tranquillity. Although these other kinds of nights didn't happen often, their experiences were shocking enough to be stamped vividly in my memory. I am speaking of the nights when someone's house caught on fire. There was no fire department and, therefore no fire-fighting equipment. But there were cars racing around town tooting their horns and the drivers shouting "fire" to arouse people to come and watch a neighbor's home burn to the ground. Being awakened in this manner always seemed to make me nauseated. On the morning after one of these fires it was discovered that two little boys had burned to death. One was Bina's oldest boy, Norman and the other was Carlos Gibbons' younger brother, Horace. Another fire experience that comes to mind happened at a high school graduation program. I remember sitting in the balcony of the high school auditorium watching the proceedings. The valedictorian was giving her talk when someone yelled, "fire." From then I only remember being jostled by the crowd as we tried to get out of the balcony, down the stairs and outside. It was mob hysteria and everyone was in panic looking out for himself. I know I was scared.

Another memory is going to the county courthouse with a group of school kids. We heard that one of the prisoners had hanged himself in the jail and we went to have a look. There he was lying on a cell bunk with the cord still around his neck. Another time we went to a home to see the body of a new boy in school who had died unexpectedly during the night.

The town was not incorporated so the people's cows, and nearly everyone had one or two, were allowed to roam the streets leaving local color everywhere. But later in the morning many drove their cows to salt grass pastures outside of town. Our cows stayed in our pasture which was about two acres of wet swamp.

St. Johns was an active little town with many talented people. There was much music at all occasions thanks to my brother Roy, Alfie Anderson, Letty Patterson, Jim Shreeve, the Farris, the Whitings and many others. With so many teachers, a great number of townspeople learned to perform. Theater was popular and there were frequent plays, operettas and such. A traveling company, the Bronson Players, came to St. Johns several seasons and presented their plays in a huge tent in the center of town. The Bronson couple liked Roy and St. Johns so much they came back and lived there for a while. Mickey Bronson was a pretty blond lady. Unfortunately when the movie theater came to town, musical and dramatic productions decreased considerably.

Very distinct in my mind are the features of the gray brick home and the surrounding property where I was born and where I spent the first seventeen years of my life. The house still stands on the southeast corner of an area the size of a full city block. It is on a rise which is the highest point in the property. There are eight rooms, a walk-in closet, an attic upstairs, and a good-sized basement. Steps lead up to the front door and there is a back porch off the kitchen with steps leading to the basement. The place proved

to be a perfect setting for a fun Halloween party given by my mother and Cousin Mary Gibbons. They used the whole house.

The basement deserves mentioning. It was large and dark, but it provided shelves and other places where Mom kept the food storage. There were bottles of fruits, vegetables, meats, pieces of salt pork, homemade butter and cheese, sacks of grain, and at one time a 100 pound sack of pinyons or pine nuts, which had been given to Dad by a Mexican who owed him some money.

At one time our food storage effort backfired. Dad bought a fifty gallon wooden barrel of sauerkraut, which is cabbage fermented in a brine of its own juice with salt. If this sauerkraut had just fermented things would have been all right, but it spoiled and rotted, and developed an odor that was unbearable. I was given the job of dipping into the barrel with a ten-pound lard bucket and carrying it outside. It was one of the most disagreeable tasks of my life.

In front of the house on the east side were and still are big locust trees that have sweet-smelling, white blossoms in the spring before the leaves come on. In the lot just inside the fence is a weeping mulberry tree where I have spent many hours sitting in its cool shade eating big, dark purple mulberries. There was a wire fence completely around the house lot and by the fence near the walk from the front door was a huge bush of yellow roses which bloomed profusely around Memorial day. The northeast corner of the house lot was formed by tamarack bushes and a gate leading to the barn and corral area. The old barn was next to the street and in it was a hayloft, which, when filled with hay served as a fun jumping place. When the loft was empty we used it as a stage for the plays we created. Then, next to the tamaracks was the wood pile where I chopped wood for the heating stove and the kitchen stove. A few feet further to the west was the outdoor toilet.

During the time I lived at home we never had an indoor toilet. This wasn't too important because very few of our townspeople had indoor plumbing. These outdoor "johns" were certainly an eyesore, always identifiable because of their size, shape and odor. For everyone these outhouses were a detested, yet absolutely necessary, inconvenience. Then along came President Franklin Delano Roosevelt with his social programs one of which was replacing the hideous old "lean-tos" with structures with cement floors, solid doors, and a cement stool supporting the wooden seat. This magnificent edifice raised the morale of the common people and was reverently called the "Roosevelt Memorial." Bathroom tissue was very rare so newspapers and catalogues found further use. Then came the pig pen, corral, shed, and barn.

Mentioning the pig pen reminds me of some other exciting days for a young boy. After feeding the pig swill, slop, and some grain for many days, the time finally came to reap the benefits of those efforts. On slaughtering day, there were preparations that had to be made. A barrel was filled with water and placed on a fire to heat. A platform, like a table, was built and a strong tripod with rope and pulley erected close by. With these things ready, the pig was brought out. It was killed with a bullet between the eyes and its throat cut immediately so it would bleed well. The carcass was placed on the platform and the barrel leaned against it so the pig could be dipped into the barrel containing hot lye water for a few seconds. This softened the stiff pig hair and with sharp butcher knives the workers shaved the hair from the skin. Then with the hind legs tied with the rope in the

pulley on the tripod the pig was pulled into the air, head down, and the insides removed. This completed the butchering process and then the carcass was cut up according to the cuts desired. I remember my parents salted some of the meat to preserve it. We, the kids, always had fun with the bladder.

West of the pig pen was the corral, shed, and the new barn which was built after the old one burned. The new barn was smaller and not as much fun as the old one. The corral is where we kept the milk cows and their calves. Just after one of the cows calved, she became mean. She was so jealous of her calf we had to lock her in the wood chicken coop. One day Jack went to the coop to let the cow out for water. When he opened the door she took after him. She chased him around the coop a couple of times, then Jack caught a hold of the coop's roof, arm length high above his head, and jumped completely up onto it. The cow kept him up there for about an hour.

On the back porch the folks had a separator. Turning the handle was a task I frequently experienced as Mom separated the cream from the milk. She made butter and cheese which were a joy to eat.

A neighbor family that lived across the swamp from us was extremely poor and often had trouble putting food on the table. They had a son about my age who told me they had discovered that pig weed, which was plentiful in the area, was good to eat when they prepared them as greens. This fascinated me and I approached my mother about fixing some. She was skeptical, but agreed to try some. I gathered them out in the yard, she fixed them and we found that they were not bad at all.

There were so many birds around my home in St. Johns that I couldn't help but pay attention to them. The red-winged blackbirds were there and they were usually, but not always, in great flocks. Little English sparrows alone and in small groups were nearly always visible. Meadowlarks are a larger bird and it seems they were always alone. The barn and corral were near the wet swamp so Killdeer birds were common. In the evening as I was doing my chores, swallows would dart under the shed and into the barn. Frequently, bats would do the same thing.

With a lawn and a garden it was necessary to water them. Water came from the "Little Reservoir" in a large ditch called the "City Ditch" It ran through town and smaller ditches led from it to take the water to residences. The water master would make a schedule with each residence receiving an amount of irrigation time according to the number of shares that were owned. The time schedule for each residence was delivered and sometime it was not a happy occasion because the time assigned was in the middle of the night. Watering late at night or early in the morning really interrupted one's routine. However it was not as bad as irrigating out on the farm where the watering turn would be day and night for two or three days.

July was a month of celebrations in St. Johns because they celebrated both the 4th and the 24th in the same way. Both days would begin, as it became light, with Conrad Overson shooting off several charges of dynamite. These terribly loud booms certainly awakened everyone within the radius of two miles. Then a group of community musicians would get on a truck and go through the town serenading. At ten o'clock there would be a patriotic program including music, an inspiring oration, and often a pageant. I have a newspaper clipping that tells of one pageant that my mother directed and that little Jack

Gibbons was the star of the show. In the early afternoon there would be children's races and every participant received a prize. There was a race for every age group beginning with the little kids that could run that far. One afternoon when I was nursery age my mother took me to a Primary dance in the old Dreamland Dance Hall in back of where the Anderson drug store used to be in downtown St. Johns. One of the older Primary girls came and asked me to dance. I remember that it was Lillian Waite Pulsipher.

After the races were boxing matches and then a baseball game. In later years the matches and games were replaced by a rodeo. There were cowboys in town and many came from other towns. Funny that I should remember that Lorin Farr had on old white work horse that nobody could ride.

I want to mention that when I was quite small we had a very cold winter and the water pipes of the town froze. Water was hauled in with a tanker from a spring several miles from town. Mom gave me the job of carrying water from the tanker to our home, which was about two and a half blocks. I used two ten pound lard buckets which didn't carry much water and I splashed it out as I walked.

My early life in St. Johns was nothing spectacular, but the people, the institutions, the activities have been valuable to me. I was glad to leave, but more glad to return after I had been away a few months.

9. SCHOOLING IN ST. JOHNS

The "grade school" where I went to school was only one block from my home. The main building was a large, square, two story building of red brick. The double door in the front was the only access. In later years the school board erected a slide for a fire escape which extended from a window in the back on the second floor to the ground. We were lucky that we never had to use it. On the back were lumber add-ons for two classes.

A little distance from the main building was a wooden structure that housed two classrooms. Away from the classrooms about seventy-five yards were two lumber, ten or twelve hole, outdoor toilets. (At least I am sure that describes the boys' toilet.) If you had an emergency, you had to run to make it.

My first grade classroom was one of the downstairs rooms of the main building. Armitta, my sister was my teacher and I found it difficult to call her Miss Gibbons.

From the second grade I remember only that Letty A. Patterson, the music teacher reprimanded me for singing with the group an octave lower. I know now that children need to use their high voices.

These earlier grades were quite miserable for me because, for some reason, I was timid and afraid of many things. There was an older boy who noticed my shyness and enjoyed picking on me. Specifically I remember the day when he took me down and while holding my arms on the ground slobbered on me. I hated recesses because he would always find and pester me.

There are two vivid memories of the third grade. Mildred Whipple was the teacher and one day one of the students was being exceptionally naughty and in exasperation she finally hit him on the head with a ruler that had a metal straight edge. The hit cut his head

and he bled on his desk. Miss Whipple was frantic. Another day the door banged open and someone shouted, "Rendol, your house is on fire." I rushed to the door and saw great billows of black smoke coming from the direction of our house. Running home as fast as I could, I discovered that the fire was burning the barn on the other side of the house. A little neighbor boy started the fire with matches. Many children were saddened because the barn was a favorite place to play.

It was also about this time that our class was taken on a picnic to the Blue Hills in the school bus. After the picnic we were waiting for the bus and as it approached one of the boys darted in front of it and was struck and run over. We were pleased that he survived.

The fourth grade was in one of the classrooms in the lumber building apart from the main building. One day after school had started, a person came to the room to tell Laddie Richey that his father had just died in the hospital at Ganado. This was a sobering experience for the class.

One afternoon, a few weeks later, Miss Paddock asked me to stay after school to talk with her. She told me that I would not be in the fourth grade any longer, but would be moved on to the fifth grade the next day. Of course, I ran home quickly to tell Mom. I have wondered if I told her something she didn't know or if my parents had been consulted about the move, I never did ask. Mom told me to go tell Dad who was visiting with Roy who was home in bed suffering from a dislocated shoulder he received in a town team football game against Snowflake.

Francis Yorker taught the fifth grade. I knew all of the fifth graders and respected them as upper classmen and now I was one of them. The teacher had Douglas Udall and me sing two-part duets. An embarrassing experience happened when after giving a recitation in front of the class, I was told the fly of my trousers was unbuttoned.

While I was in the sixth grade Roy brought me a York trumpet which I began to learn under Zech Farr and Guy Richey. Albert Jarvis, sixth grade teacher, used to read to us with his feet up on his desk.

Marion Whiting was the seventh grade teacher. I think he was one of my favorites and I was pleased when he taught me again in high school.

M. V. Gibbons, my cousin Marion, was principal of the school and my eighth grade teacher. When the weather was good he had all the grades line up facing the big front door of the main building. At this time announcements were given then as the flag was raised, one of us trumpet players would play "To the Colors. The pledge of allegiance followed. The classes then marched to their rooms. In class our first lessons were of seminary subjects with appropriate songs and a prayer. After lunch Mr. Gibbons would read to us. This was a delightful time and we didn't want him to stop. Recesses were fun because M. V. always came out and had games such as "Hot Pants" and "Johnny Ride the Long Horse" going all the time. He had a car with a framework that let down in the back and I remember begging him, with one of his children, to let us ride on it. One day he let us and we rode about three miles.

One day all the eighth graders played hooky and went to the Blue Hills. We returned hungry, thirsty, tired, and sunburned to meet our punishment which I do not

remember. I don't remember eighth grade graduation except that I went swimming and missed the rehearsal even though I was the class salutatorian.

I dreaded going into high school for one reason -- the hazing that was given the freshmen by the upper classmen, especially the sophomores. The time came; I went to high school; I survived the hazing. The belt line was an aisle formed by two rows of boys with belts in hand which they used effectively as one ran down the lane. From the point of view of the victim I can truthfully say that it made the seat of one's trousers uncomfortably hot. One morning they removed my pants and threw them up on the church bell tower which stood nearby.

I was not impressed with the behavior of the older boys who teased, heckled, and competed with each other, constantly. It seemed as if most of them were in school only because they had to be. However, there was an older boy who impressed me positively. It was Calvin Greer. He was a Junior while I was a Freshman and he had a genuine interest in music. He had wanted to learn to play the violin, but one day while holding a dynamite cap, it exploded and mangled the fingers of his left hand. This made playing the violin impossible. Not wanting to give up his interest in music he turned to the most logical instrument for him, the trumpet. On this instrument he developed great skill and was a source of motivation for me. While in high school he played with adult dance orchestras of the town and was admired for his talent. I followed him exactly in accepting a music scholarship, graduating with a music teaching degree from ASC, Flagstaff, and becoming a music teacher. Only a few years ago, he and his wife, Virginia, sold their home in California, came to Orem and built a beautiful house, lived a few happy years and then Calvin died of cancer only four months ago, May 13, 1995. Today (November 6, 1995) we attended Virginia's funeral. She died Thursday morning in her sleep.

Back to St. Johns High School, the new atmosphere with changing rooms and teachers every period and new exciting subjects, such as band, chorus, drama, science, shop, and math brought some stimulation to my life which had begun to be rather dull. In our small school there were many opportunities and I became involved in a number of them. In shop I learned to use shop equipment, to sharpen a saw, use a plane, measure boards etc. I also learned how to judge beef and dairy cattle, horses, pigs, and sheep. We had band and choir every day and I began acting in plays in Marion Whiting's drama classes. Playing so many different characters in these plays gave me unique experiences in getting outside myself.

I developed an interest in science in L.P. Sherwood's science classes. He was the school principal and a fine scholar. He had problems being the principal because he seemed constantly frustrated with young people who refused to think and put forth effort to learn (This included most of us). His reactionary behavior amused the students and they frequently did things to antagonize him. Clara Sherwood was the wife of L.P. She had a beautiful voice and she seemed to enjoy me because I had some musical talent. I spent considerable time with the boys of this family and they were good friends. All three of them, Lincoln, Gleason, and Jimmy were all killed in separate, violent accidents. Lincoln, the oldest, was killed in a fighter plane crash after he had been shot down over Germany, evaded capture, returned home, then gone back to his squadron for further service.

I was doing an out-of-class chemistry experiment one afternoon and carelessly allowed nitric acid to boil out of the test tube onto my right hand and it burned an inch square spot, the scar of which is visible even now, a permanent reminder of thoughtlessness.

For my junior year I was elected publication manager and each week had to deliver a "High School Notes" column to Monty Montrose down at the Observer office each week. I am embarrassed now when I read some of the tripe I wrote. This was also the year that I went out for football. The first day we went to the uniform room and I found pants, jersey and shoulder pants that fit pretty well. I was really pleased to find a black helmet that fit perfectly and it had red and white ribbons attached. I wore it for two years.

The first year, weighing one hundred fifty-five pounds I played center in back of Wesley Raban, but the second year I was first string center. I must admit that I wasn't a great player, but I knew the plays and never missed throwing the ball to the correct back for the called play. So, I played nearly all the time. On defense I played line backer. I was also the extra point and kickoff specialist for the team. For my senior year I was told that I received honorable mention on the All-Northern Arizona football team.

That year I also received a superior rating for my trumpet solo at the Flagstaff Music Festival. I also represented the school in an academic festival at Flagstaff and received a third place rating in algebra. Later, in a drama festival at the same place, Dorothy Patterson and I presented Anton Chekhov's "The Boor". It is not difficult to guess who was the boor.

I have already mentioned that F. Marion Whiting was my drama teacher in high school. He was a good and ambitious teacher and produced good plays. I think while in high school I was in many plays, counting one-act, three-act plays and operettas. Trying to actually have the thoughts and the feelings of the characters I tried to represent, were great experiences for me.

During my sophomore year a group of us started a dance orchestra. There were two trumpets, two saxophones, piano and drums. We practiced every day after school. Two numbers we nearly wore out practicing were When My Dreamboat Comes Home and Bugle Call Rag. We practiced long and hard, but we had no one who knew how to help us. Our first dance was a disaster. Nevertheless, the St. Johns folks were desperate for entertainment and so we were asked to play again and again and again. In fact, it became common for us to hear, "Well, why don't you come and practice and let us dance while you practice." My experiences with MIA were of this nature so being an Explorer Scout or an M Man never did appeal to me.

During the summer preceding my senior year, my high school buddy, Bill Duke, and I were hired by his father to work with him, and two other men to cut a right-of-way and build a fence through four miles of thick juniper trees out at their ranch at Cedro near St. Johns. This was a unique experience. We ate like kings --roast or steak with eggs for breakfast and food just as good for the other meals. It was interesting that with all that wonderful food available to see one of the men have a cup of Royal Oak whiskey, two cups of coffee, and four cigarettes every morning for breakfast. The work was very hard and we developed strong muscles for playing football that fall. (Bill was captain of the football team.) We made a surveying instrument to help maintain a true westward direction as we cut through the timber. A compass was set on a board which indicated

magnetic north and from that direction we could determine true west, which was shown on the board by two nails driven into the board in line with the true west direction. We sighted by lining up the nails and looking ahead to see where the next cut would be. Then after the cut we cleared the trees and branches away from the right-of-way and set the posts for the fence.

For my senior year I was elected studentbody president. I was extremely busy with all my activities. At graduation time I was given awards in student government, scholarship, athletics, drama and music. For graduation I played a trumpet solo and gave the salutatory address. After mentioning all of these activities and awards, I want it known without any doubt that I feel no notion of being superior in any way. In fact, as I remember them, every participation lacked the excellence that I was capable of giving at that time. I do believe that which called attention to me in every instance was my seeming dependability, interest, and willingness to accept and carry responsibility, all of which was constantly taught to me by my mother and father, but I wonder if I really gave anything my best effort.

During the later years of grammar school and the first years of high school, my closest friend was Douglas Udall. He had a very fine singing voice and we had occasions to perform together. Douglas was in love with horses and he nearly always had the use of one. I had the blue pony given me by Andrew Woods, son of Uncle Albert and Aunt Clara, and Doug and I rode together for many hours. When we entered high school we participated in music activities under the leadership of Letty A. Patterson who was an excellent music teacher. We were in a quartet and in the senior year played the main characters in the operetta, MARTHA. Douglas played the leading male part opposite Elsie Molloy and I played a supporting role as Plunkett opposite Virginia Patterson. The band and choir were very active and I learned things in these organizations that were valuable throughout my music teaching career.

Another person important to me during my schooldays was Genevieve Hamblin. She is the daughter of my cousin, Stan Hamblin, son of Aunt Sade. While for grade school and High School graduations I was able to be the Salutatorian, it was Genevieve who was the Valedictorian. She played the piano well and sometimes was my accompanist when I played the Trumpet. I enjoyed being with her and several times we drove out east of town to the cedars, built a fire and roasted marshmallows. She is a very intelligent person.

It was in a close association practicing and playing dance music that I formed a valuable relationship with Bill Duke who became my best friend through high school. We both played trumpet and spent much time practicing and just being together. Bill sang in our quartet and good-naturedly performed in many church programs with me. I'll not forget the special church program in which Bill sang with us "I am a Mormon Boy." Bill's parents, Hugh and Ada, owned a ranch about five miles south of town. One summer we hiked and camped in a box canyon on that ranch for several days. He went to Kansas State University for college and after trading a few letters we gradually lost contact. He came to see me when I was teaching in Chandler, Arizona and I could see that he was having a hard time. He had a poor marriage which lasted only a short time and alcohol

became a constant part of his life. While teaching here at BYU I received a phone call asking if I could come to St. Johns to play Taps for his burial, but I couldn't make arrangements.

10. ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE AT FLAGSTAFF

I think my mother's influence pointed me toward a career in music education. She was definitely impressed with the role Roy played as a music teacher in the little town of St. Johns. I believe I had the scholastic ability to become a medical doctor, which I had seriously considered as a high school student, but I also believe the life of a physician would have been less than fulfilling. However, if I had pursued a medical degree at that time, the army would have paid for my training. Today it appears that my choice to follow music teaching was the best one.

Getting ready to leave home and live in a dormitory required some effort by my mother. She bought me blankets, towels, clothes, etc. and a mailing bag so I could send my dirty laundry home each week. It was an exciting time and I was especially happy to get rid of the night and morning chores which had been such a constant part of my life thus far. Little did I realize at the time the extra burden they would place on Mom and Dad with my leaving.

Upon reporting at the college I learned that because of my unusual first name, I had been assigned to a girls' dormitory. One can imagine my disappointment, but I was adequately comforted when they reassigned me to a room in Bury Hall with Calvin Greer, my trumpet playing buddy from home. We ate in Mother Hanley's dining hall, six persons at a table with senior students at the head and foot, probably to help us learn some table manners. Cal Greer sat at the head of our table and Ruth Farr, a St. Johns girl, sat at the foot. Also at our table was the prettiest girl in the freshman class, Gloria Fernandez from Globe, Arizona. The foods I can remember are the buttered toast for breakfast and the carrot, raisin, coconut, pineapple salad for lunch.

To earn my board and room, I played with the college dance orchestra, known as the Lumberjack Swing Band and as the makers of the best dance music in the surrounding area. I was assigned to play third trumpet in the group, but within two or three months I had moved to first. Ray Clark from Douglas, Arizona was appointed the leader and he was a good one. As a drummer he was excellent and he entertained himself giving nicknames to people. He started immediately calling me "Monk" and my college friends still call me by that name. I earned my living with the band for two years.

During my Junior year I didn't play with the dance band, but was the general handyman for my brother-in-law, Alfie Anderson who was the band and orchestra director and the teacher of instrumental instruments. I arranged the spring tour and took care of all the details for housing, eating, and performing on the trip. It was a thrill to remember our concerts that always began with our singing of Alfie's arrangement of Timber. We were all dressed as lumberjacks and we made a hit with all our audiences. Also I did the same thing for the A Cappella Choir the same year.

The choir had become world-famous through the Easter sunrise services they had broadcast from the rim of the Grand Canyon for several years. Eldon A. Ardrey, the choir director, and Howard Pyle, a radio broadcaster from KTAR in Phoenix and later governor of Arizona, had originated this program which immediately caught the attention of the public. Just at sunrise the service would begin with a fanfare-like hymn from the choir and then Mr. Pyle would describe the glorious burst of the sun as it cast rich colors into walls of that huge chasm. The program would continue with further descriptions and spiritual thoughts appropriate to the profound significance of the day. The choir rendered hymns and anthems which added emotional power to the service. Howard Pyle, of course, wrote the script days before and it was amusing to the choir members that on this particular Easter morning, he was describing the brilliance of the scene, but from where we were standing the fog was so thick one could scarcely see only a few feet away. I remember that Dr. Ardrey was called for jury duty some time before the broadcast and with instruction from him, I rehearsed the program numbers and he would come periodically to polish them.

As I recall these days at Arizona State College I am at a loss to explain why I received the recognition I was given there. Having a job as a handyman in the music department and being active in the activities there gave me some prominence. I was student director and manager of the band and the choir because I was the person most available. Because I was so active in nearly all activities, I was elected president of the music fraternity, Delta Phi Alpha, the men's chapter of the church fraternity, Lambda Delta Sigma, president of the Junior Class, Homecoming King, and one of the elite thirteen-member Chain Gang. Initiation into the Chain Gang was an experience easily remembered because it consisted of thirteen swats on my rear end from the older members. I was black and blue for the next two months. This year I also ran for studentbody president, but was defeated by Warren Ward who was a person I really respected.

The last months of this college experience was hectic. Besides studying, carrying elected responsibilities, and taking care of personal chores, I sensed the frantic efforts of the nation to defend itself from the onslaughts of the Japanese. Pearl Harbor had happened in December and the anxiety of the country was exhibited by the constant flow of troop and equipment trains that passed through Flagstaff. I responded to the fervor by passing the physical and mental tests to become an Army Air Force Cadet.

Expecting a call to military service, I didn't go back to school in the fall. I tried to help a little with the finances at home. Mom was a widow, Dad having been killed in an automobile accident the previous August, and she needed all the help she could get. The best job I could find was with the Whiting lumber mill in Eagar working for thirty-five cents an hour. I learned of a job in Holbrook working for Bobbie's father driving a truck. It was a far better job and I went to Holbrook to start. The night before I was to begin, my call to the service came and I made preparations to leave.

11. U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE

I left home with two other hometown boys, Charlie Anderson, who became a B17 pilot and was shot down and captured as a prisoner of war in Germany and Stewart Udall who trained and fought as a bombardier. He later became a U.S. congressman then Secretary of the Interior under President John F. Kennedy. We arrived in Santa Ana and after a battery of tests, Charlie and I were assigned to the same squadron and Stewart was sent elsewhere. While taking preparatory courses there I was made a drill instructor to march the cadets to classes and to teach them close order drill. Since we were destined to become officers, they tried to give as much class as possible to the common, undesirable activities. Periodically we were assigned to study mess management which was nothing more or less than KP (kitchen police) washing dishes, peeling potatoes, mopping floors, etc.

When the preliminary orientation finished at Santa Ana, we were sent for basic flying training to John Hancock Field in Santa Maria, California. Here we were treated royally and we started flying two-winged planes built by Stearman. With these planes we learned basic flying techniques along with some aerobatics, such as chandelles, slow rolls, snap rolls, etc. After about two months we were sent to Minter Field at Bakersfield, California. The planes we used were BT13s which were considerably heavier than the PT13s we flew before. Here we learned cross country, night, and formation flying. While flying here I had an anxious moment when my plane's motor sputtered and I thought I would have to make an emergency landing, but the motor caught hold again for which I was grateful. The training gave the instructors the information they needed to assign us to further training as single or multiple engine planes. I was sent to single engine fighter training at Luke Field outside of Phoenix, Arizona.

The planes used first at Luke were AT6s which had retractable landing gear. Then the trainees were graduated to P40s. These were the type of planes that had been used by the Flying Tigers in China. While still in AT6s, something happened to me that I had feared from the beginning. My nerve deafness intensified probably due to an ear infection and I could not hear the instructions given over the radio by the tower. This was a critical situation and the administration washed me out of flying and sent me to learn to be an armorer at Buckley Field near Denver, Colorado.

An armorer is very important to the pilot of a fighter plane. The armament equipment must function accurately at the moment the pilot needs it. Gun sights, bombs, bomb racks, machine guns give the plane its fighting power. Using this equipment requires great skill on the part of the pilot and there were training bases for acquiring these skills. After school I was sent to a training field at Bartow, Florida.

At Bartow I performed the usual tasks of a corporal, servicing the training planes, doing guard duty, pulling KP and such. Here I made friends with another soldier named Milburn Butler. Milburn was an artist and loved to paint. With him I saw many of the famous, colorful sights in Florida, including the first performance of the season of the Barnum and Bailey Circus at Sarasota, Florida. I was having quite an enjoyable time doing these things, but somehow felt I was not doing enough for the effort. So I applied for a transfer to a new, special group that was being formed and trained for a specific mission probably against the Japanese.

When I made the transfer I discovered I was in the 327th Airdrome Squadron of the 2nd Air Commando Group at Lakeland, Florida. Here we trained in jungle fighting techniques and in the use of hand weapons. It was during this training that I decided that I probably should be married, so I started writing to Bobbie to try to make the necessary arrangements. She was cooperative and I obtained a furlough to carry out our plans. All my training for many months had been for being effective in war, so maybe this was not a real good time to get married.

Bobbie came back to Florida with me and the trip was not easy for her. However, she was a good sport and found an apartment for us and a job as a cashier in a grocery store for her. I lived off base with her and we did some fun things together. One night we had one of those Florida hurricanes and the next morning we found that a huge tree in the back of our apartment had been uprooted by the wind. She was a good new bride who made my army life far more bearable, but when we had been together for three months, word came that we were shipping out and Bobbie had to leave for home and I had to leave for an unknown destination.

I had made friends with a fellow who worked in supply and through him I had some opportunities to work for the squadron in areas other than an armament. His name was Jim Williamson. I helped with loading supplies and equipment on to the train and we started our journey. We traveled west so we knew our assignment was with the Japanese. We traveled through unknown territory so we didn't know where we were until we went through Phoenix, then I knew.

At San Pedro, California we transferred our stuff from the train to a ship named the General John Pope. When we were loaded there were sixty-four hundred men and six nurses on board. For many days we sailed with nothing in sight but water until we reached a port. To our disappointment we learned we were not getting off, only taking on supplies. The port was Melbourne, Australia and we had crossed the international date line some days before, deleting one day from our week. The officials on board selected the day to be lost would be Thanksgiving Day so they didn't have to feed that mob Thanksgiving dinner. Then on to Bombay, India.

Our troops were immediately loaded onto a train headed across India for our base near Calcutta. I stayed with the supply crew to put our supplies and equipment on a train that would come later. Riding the supply train was an experience. My bunk was a luggage rack above the benches. Our meals were K rations, the toilet was a hole in the floor in the corner of the car. As we traveled we saw constant scenes of poverty, destitution, and suffering. The word coming from people near the railroad was "baksheesh", "give me something--anything."

At this base, the squadron ready room was in a "basha", but we all lived in tents. The latrine was large, but it was some fifty yards from the tent area, which proved a disadvantage when the new food and water didn't agree with our stomachs. On Christmas night we saw rockets off in the distance, celebrating, we supposed, the occasion. Next morning we learned they were not celebration rockets, but anti-aircraft projectiles fired at Japanese planes raiding a B29 airbase.

Here at our home base life was much as it had been before we left the states. Our ground crews continued to service the planes while the pilots practiced combat skills. The

weather was uncomfortably hot and matters were made worse because the area where we worked was covered with iron landing and runway mats instead of asphalt and cement. The thermometers read in the high 120s every day. We dressed in shoes, short trunks, and caps. I was brown as some of the natives. Many natives were always around to be hired to do any tasks. We sent our laundry out, but sometime regretted doing so because when we dressed in class "A"s our body heat and perspiration would cause the starch used for our shirts to give off a terrible odor.

It was while we were here at the home base that I decided it would be fun to take an R and R (rest and relaxation) furlough and go to Kashmiri. I wrote home to Bobbie and asked her to send me one hundred dollars to pay for the trip. After some weeks, because of slow mail, I received the money, but instead of making the trip, I bought a trumpet and joined a small dance combo. This turned out to be a very significant choice because the furlough group I was scheduled to go with were carried on a plane that crashed.

The trumpet brought me much pleasure by allowing me to play with some fine musicians and to go places and be a part of many fun events. We played quite regularly at a dance hall in a nearby town where GIs and natives came to dance. Without the natives there would have been no girls to dance with. I remember one night when a friend came to where I was playing and asked if I would change shirts with him. He said the starch in his shirt smelled so bad he was ashamed to ask a girl to dance with him.

We also played frequently at the officers' club and made friends with some of the officers. One I especially remember was Shorty Gordon who had been one of the famous Flying Tigers that flew for the Chinese against the Japanese. The officers, of course, had the American nurses to dance with and Shorty had an exceptionally cute one. Every time we played he would come and request Rose of San Antone. It was puzzling to learn that after the war was over he had been killed in an unexplainable plane crash.

The chaplain of our group was a Captain Kimbrough. He and I spent a little time together and ended up writing a hymn. He wrote the words and I added the music.

Eventually the time came when we moved to our forward base and began more spirited activity in supporting the British Fourteenth Army in its drive down the Malayan Peninsula. This place is in Burma at a location on the northern end of the Bay of Bengal known as Cox's Bazaar. Our pilots made strikes at different times and we were charged with the responsibility of making the planes ready for the type of mission that was called for. The 50 caliber machine guns were always made ready, but sometimes explosive bombs and other times napalm bombs were called for. Napalm is a sticky substance that burns with intense heat and heavy black smoke. It is a horrible, yet effective, weapon and was used against enemy positions difficult to penetrate.

Our most spectacular action was flying the longest single-engine mission of the entire war for which we received a presidential citation. Our pilots of the whole group, led by Colonel Chase, left our base at Cox's Bazaar very early in the morning and flew at tree-top level, to avoid radar detection, to Bangkok, Thailand a port all the way down on the South China Sea. They surprised the Japs and shot up forty-four planes and a number of motor vehicles. Only a few of the enemy planes got off the ground. Our flight lost only one plane, but it was a real tragedy for us. The pictures from the camera showed Colonel

Buxton firing at a Japanese plane and one of our planes flew right into his line of fire which caused it to crash. Captain Modine was the pilot of the ill-fated plane and he was also the best friend of Col. Buxton. In fact, they were room-mates back at the base and their wives were living together back in the states.

The ground crews were not busy all the time so we constantly looked for things to do. I am truly no athlete, but in the area of bashas where we lived I was one of the best volleyball players. There were frequent discussions as we started to play about which side I would play on. I had a vertical jump higher than most of the other players. For a reason I can't remember, I became the area barber and after considerable time I did a fairly decent job.

There were many children in the area and a little boy comes to mind who had been taught by the GIs to swear in English. It wasn't cute, but the GIs would laugh at him. One child caught my eye. It was a little girl about six or seven years old. Her name was Callo and she was dirty and dressed in rags. I spent considerable time gaining her trust and finally convinced her to let me wash her hair. Her hair was waist length and it was snarled. The pan I had to use was my combat helmet. Filling it with water several times I washed and rinsed her hair and head. Then with a brush I removed the snarls and braided her hair. She looked so cute with her dark eyes and her braided hair. The rags she wore didn't fit so I determined that she needed some better clothes. In the next day or so I went to a nearby bazaar and bought a complete outfit for her. I persuaded one of the older girls to take her and give her a bath then dress her in her new clothes. Another fellow thought it would be fun so he did the same for another little girl. I have a picture of both girls. This story may not have a happy ending because a few days later, Callo disappeared and we never saw her again.

We were at Cox's Bazaar when the war ended so the group was disbanded and we were separated and sent to different places. I had varied experiences after I left the Second Air Commandos. At one of the bases I found the basha where a dance band was housed and soon I was a trumpet player with the Monsoon Ramblers. It was a large band with musicians who had played with some of the big bands back in the states before the war. The special service officer quickly assigned me to play Retreat for a special formation each day. The commanding officer of the base, fearing that morale would continue to deteriorate, ordered a daily formation of all personnel on base, dressed in class "A" uniform. So, every afternoon there we were all dressed up and no place to go except to the parade area to watch the flag being lowered. At another place I had nothing to do but play tennis and learn how to fight with a staff from my house boy. Also I became a truck driver helping to dismantle an air base and assigned to a truck that had no brakes. Just after dark one evening, an officer came and volunteered me to drive an ambulance full of GIs to the departure staging area near Calcutta. The roads were narrow and winding, but the convoy leader drove extremely fast and I was a nervous wreck trying to keep up with him. I knew that if I lost the convoy I was really lost because I had no idea where I was. I was so relieved when we returned to our base together. At last my shipping orders arrived and I boarded a ship to come home. There is nothing of the voyage home I remember except that we thought we saw the lights of Singapore one night. We were scheduled to land at Seattle, but the orders were changed and we were sent to San

Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge from the ocean side is a sight I will not forget.

The train took us to Los Angeles where I received my discharge from the service. Bobbie came to Los Angeles to meet me and Carl and Sybil Howard made some arrangements for getting us together. We stayed there only a few days before coming home. One evening we went to dinner with Charlie and Dolly Anderson who happened to be in Los Angeles at that time. We came home on the train and I was very happy to see my mother who had come to Holbrook to meet us.

12. HOLBROOK

Sometime while I was overseas, Bobbie's father invited me to become a part of his business -- George Standiford and Sons. We lived with Bobbie's parents and I immediately went to work driving truck delivering mail and supplies to trading posts on the Indian reservation. The traders would call orders in to the wholesalers in Holbrook, I would pick up the orders and deliver them once or twice a week. During this time we lived with Bobbie's folks. This kind of life became monotonous and boring to me in a short period of time and I suggested to Bobbie that we leave the business and go back to school to finish my degree and get a teaching certificate. Bobbie didn't take much convincing and we started making arrangements to move to Flagstaff. We bought an old gray Plymouth quickly named the Gray Beetle which we badly needed for transportation. Before leaving for school, the Andersons and the Gibbonses raided our parents' kitchens and obtained provisions for a trip to the Grand Canyon. We had a wonderful time because we were such good friends and the Gray Beetle performed to the best of our expectations.

A campground on top was our destination for the first night, but we arose early the next morning and with bedrolls and supplies on our backs we headed down the Bright Angel Trail for the bottom of the canyon. Going downhill is pleasant activity and we thoroughly enjoyed it and soon came to the suspension bridge across the raging Colorado River. On the other side was the Phantom Ranch which we could see from the rim on top and where we planned to camp that night. There was a large creek that ran down from the north rim and after our supper we had a dip in the clear, cool water. After a difficult night because two people in one sleeping bag is crowded, we arose quite early the next morning. That is, Charlie and I arose early while Bobbie and Dolly stayed in bed to try to recover some of the sleep they had missed during the night. Charlie and I started up the creek to go to the ranch. Only a short distance away we came upon a buck deer with seven or eight points. Without recognizing the danger of that animal we tried to approach it. Luckily it decided to run away. I have heard enough stories to know the severe damage a buck can do with its antlers if it decides to.

Climbing out of the canyon was long enough and hard enough to be described in a new paragraph. Starting early after breakfast we chose to use a trail steeper and somewhat more hazardous, but shorter than the other. This hike was marked with far more frequent rests and shorter distances covered. Eventually Bobbie's legs froze up and would not bend at the knees. Climbing up an incline is impossible without flexible knees

so it was necessary to pull Bobbie up the path. Lucky for us, her hips would pivot. The top was finally reached and it was such a relief to be free from the tortures of the climb.

13. ARIZONA STATE COLLEGE FOR THE SECOND TIME

We moved to Flagstaff and started my senior year at Arizona State College supported by the GI Bill of Rights. I secured my previous job working with Alfie Anderson and with other professors on the staff. Our housing assignment was in Cottage City where we became good friends with Clyde and Pat Spaulding, Johnny and Marge Dallabetta, and with a single parent, Mary Gardner. Our cabin was on the end of the row and we enjoyed being there until we returned to Flagstaff after the Christmas Holiday and found that the pipes in the ceiling had froze, water had leaked and the entire ceiling, insulation and all, had fallen to the floor. We were moved to another location immediately.

Similar to my high school experience, this small college provided many excellent opportunities for me. Alfie was so easy to work with and he allowed me to do just about anything I wanted. His patience and gentleness were a fine example for anyone training to be a teacher. Being a relative, he seemed to go out of his way for me. Eldon Ardrey, known as Pop by all music students, was the finest choral director I have known. I have patterned many of my techniques, even mannerisms, after him. After hearing and watching my Holbrook High School choir perform at a festival at the college Ruth Ardrey, Eldon's wife, said that if she had not known better she would have thought that it was Eldon, not me, who was directing the choir. I owe much to Eldon and Ruth Ardrey and to Pauline and Alfie for the effectiveness of my training. Two other persons who had more than a little influence on my training and who have continued to be impressive models are Elizabeth White and Jim Williams. Both were music teachers in the Flagstaff schools and both went far out of their way to teach, motivate, and develop me. They and their spouses, John White and Renee Williams, are exemplary persons worthy of the greatest respect.

Again this year I was student director and manager of both the band and the choir and was quite visible as a leader in many activities. There are not many things I remember about this year except of being very busy. I must have done something because at the honors assembly at the end of the year I received, by election by the studentbody, an award for outstanding service to the school. I received the plaudits and the recognition, but Dean Bellwood announced that the pin was ordered, but hadn't yet arrived. (It is interesting to me that the pin never did arrive.) Another professor I admired and learned from was Jack Swartz. He was funny always with a funny story to tell. I signed up for vocal lessons with him and then had Bobbie take the lessons. This year Bobbie sang in the

Girls' Trio which was featured on our concert tour and in our home concerts. The choir's theme song was Blue Lagoon and the trio had the outstanding part.

Toward the end of that year, Carl Howard told me that if I could follow his example it would be for my benefit. He had joined the Los Angeles police force and had learned to play the French Horn so he could be in the police band. As a band member he practiced two or three hours a day and then was free to do what he wanted. He had built houses, business offices, and other constructions and had earned a considerable sum of money outside of his regular job. He said I could do the same. I went to L.A. and took some tests, but couldn't decide that is what I wanted to do.

14. TEACHING ONE YEAR AT ST. JOHNS

Before I graduated from ASC I had made contact with St. Johns High School and contracted to teach there the following year. Bobbie was expecting our first child, Stan, and we moved to St. Johns into an old house my mother had purchased. She had remodeled it and it was adequate for our needs except that Bobbie wanted the rooms painted different colors. When I finished the paint job, our new home was really quite colorful. The rooms were different colors, each one of them. One was pink, another a light green, blue in another, and I think there was a yellow. Bobbie made it a good home and was busy then she went to Holbrook the last part of October. Early one morning I received a message to go to Holbrook fast. I drove my mother's car and went, fast. I ruined a tire on the way, but arrived to find Bobbie in the hospital. Stan was born that day, October 31, 1947. Seeing that little boy brought a feeling that surpasses description and as long as we had him that feeling never left me. When we brought him home to St. Johns, my mother was extremely happy having him, her only real grandson, nearby.

My teaching job was enjoyable. The students were eager, talented, and ready to work hard to learn. One of my students was my sister, Donna, who with others were outstanding. All the students in the school were well known to me because I hadn't been away from there for many years. Also I had grown up there with their parents and grandparents. Incidentally, one of the students I worked with as I taught some elementary children was Rex Lee who later became Solicitor General for the United States and then President of Brigham Young University.

I tried to start a Drum and Bugle Corps, but did not find the finances nor the interest to make it happen. My band was young and we achieved only little excellence. In the spring at the festival in Flagstaff we received only a "good" rating for our band performance. However, Dr. Charles Hirt, the vocal adjudicator from California, made an effort to tell me that even in the schools of California he didn't hear choral singing better than my girls' chorus.

Leaving St. Johns really was not that easy. It meant taking Stan away from my mother, leaving long-time friends, leaving special students for whom I had a real affection, and leaving special people in my life who felt I had an obligation to the hometown.

15. HOLBROOK

Teaching in St. Johns only one year was really not quite enough, but when "Buck" Pittman offered me a \$900 raise in salary I couldn't resist even though I knew that a definite challenge awaited me in Holbrook. Years before, Jim Williams, the music teacher had organized an all-girl drum and bugle corps which attracted attention with their spectacular marching and playing in their unique Scottish uniforms. My brother, Roy, had developed the group for several years, then an uninterested music teacher had let it deteriorate for a year or two. The community was now ready for some action and I was to make things happen.

Upon arriving in town, I immediately began rehearsals, recruiting among the teenage girls. Traditionally this group had made some memorable bus trips and the girls wanted more. Knowing this, a trip to Tucson to march in the parade of La Fiesta de los Vaqueros was offered as motivation for working extra hard. This was successful for the practices became frequent and intense. The girls themselves planned a training schedule including physical effort and food and drink intake that was definitely severe. The plans and training accomplished their purpose and the girls earned their trip. On the anxiously-anticipated day, the Greyhound bus, driven by their favorite driver, Al Roes, pulled up to the music room and the girls loaded their luggage. Then carrying enormous lunches that they would start eating before the bus had left town, the girls took their seats and waved good-bye to the boys who were usually the ones who made the trips for sports events. In Tucson the practicing and training paid off because the girls marched the five miles of the parade at a cadence of 180 steps per minute and not one girl had to drop out. The Corps drew enthusiastic attention from the crowds and impressed the judges to give them the Grand Sweepstakes Prize, a hand tooled Porter saddle. Arrangements for moving to Holbrook included our buying a home on the edge of Mexican town which was described by the young son of friends saying, "old timers must have lived here." The sale price was \$4500 all of which we had to borrow. The place was well insulated having thick walls of adobe except for a lumber back porch and a small closet and a bathroom which was painted a hideous blue. The house was square with four large rooms, two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen. The adobes must have been of excellent quality because Melodie liked to eat them when she was very little.

The six years we spent in Holbrook were good years. At the school I maintained the excellence of the Corps, organized some good bands and choirs, took the choir to other schools for performances, directed some operettas, directed some plays, taught many classes other than music and, with help from Art Whiting and Tony Johnson of Woodruff, rebuilt the choir room of the music building. We formed a quartet, Roy Gibbons, Art Whiting, Tom Smithson and I, which was really pretty good, and with Art's efforts we traveled to other communities to sing programs. During some of the summers I worked in Art Whiting's lumber yard which was a blessing to our financial situation.

While teaching during the winters at Holbrook Junior and Senior High Schools I began study for my Master's degree at Flagstaff. Many mornings I went to the High School hours early and studied to be ready for graduate classes when I could take them.

A few summers we moved to Flagstaff to work on the degree which in 1951 was completed except for my thesis. I had chosen as my subject A HISTORY OF THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTHERN ARIZONA MUSIC FESTIVAL. I felt that I was uniquely qualified to write about it having experienced that event in several different roles -- participating as a high school student, helping manage the event as a college student, bringing students to participate as a high school music teacher and helping oversee the event as a college professor. My gathering and organizing of the material was violently disrupted when our automobile accident caused what I had accomplished on my thesis to be lost. The college generously extended my time to finish which I did in 1954.

16. CHANDLER AND FLAGSTAFF

We had made occasional trips down to the Salt River Valley and were always impressed with city surroundings, the lawns, the climate, and all the resources. I think that every time we were there we would ask ourselves why with all the comforts here do we live up north with all the snow, wind, mud and cold. This was constantly in the back of our minds when we received word from Bobbie's uncle Lynn Standifird that there was an music opening at Chandler High School and that the superintendent was willing to talk to me. I'm sure Lynn had laid all the ground work so when we heard of it we jumped at the chance. The contract was signed so we sold our Holbrook "old-timer's" home to Ed Kargas, loaded all our belongings on Wally McLaws' semi and headed south.

Our new home in Chandler gave Bobbie a needed change. It was a new house with lawns, palm trees, pyracantha and oleander bushes and even a large cotton field back of our lot. Phoenix and Mesa are close by and there were great stores and even drive-in theaters easily available. We lived about six blocks from the high school and I owned a bicycle. After our accident George had finally been able to help us get a good car so we were traveling in a two-tone green Buick.

We had great neighbors especially the Bruces and the Pickerals and we even enjoyed Joe Harris and his wife next door. At the school I was surprised to learn that I was not only the band director, but also the choir director. The students were great as were the other music teachers in the valley. I was elected president of the choral directors and helped to organize the all-state music festival in Tucson that year. We had fine clinicians for the instrumental and choral groups, but the music teachers wanted a massed performance of all the groups. The clinicians were already on the program so there was some confusion about the director of the massed group. After spending too much time trying to decide, one of them said to the group, "I think Rendol should direct the group." I protested, but not too hard and I was thrilled to direct the all-state massed performance that year of This is My Country.

During my four years at Chandler High the bands and choirs gave many performances in concerts, football half-time shows, parades, etc. One experience stands out in my mind. It was in a rehearsal for an Easter assembly and we were pretty well

acquainted with the anthem Go to Dark Gethsemane. The words and music of this number are both intensely dramatic and it has tremendous emotional possibilities. At the beginning of the period I showed the choir a small copy of a mural painted in the chapel of the famous cemetery in Hollywood, California. This mural is titled "The Crucifixion" and its contrasting deep colors give it an overpowering feeling. After viewing the picture the choir was silent; not a word was spoken. I sounded the beginning pitch and gave the starting direction. The choir sang the hymn with all the emotional intensity of the picture, the words, and the music. It was an unforgettable experience. At another time one of the high school girls planned, arranged, and faked playing the piano prelude at an assembly. I say faked because she put music in front of her which she didn't read, then she played entirely on the black keys which form a pentatonic scale in which all of the tones can sound acceptable together. She had organized the sounds in an acceptable manner because the high school principal remarked that he didn't know the girl could play the piano that well.

After school was out in 1958, Hal Goodman, head of the music department at ASC, called and said there was a position open and he was sure I could have it. We called Superintendent Austin and arranged for a cancellation of my contract. We painted the house, sold it and made ready for the move. While in Chandler we bought a 20 foot boat with two 50 hp outboard motors expecting to use it frequently on the lakes near Flagstaff. We also bought a television set which was a new experience for all of us. One night we put the kids in bed and settled down to watch a movie. The movie was nearly over when we looked around and there were all three kids sitting in the hallway watching.

We painted our house in Chandler. Bobbie said that the only time we fix our home is when we want to sell it so we can move. In Flagstaff we moved into another new house, but it was quite different from the Chandler home. We were asked to be head residents of the new Babbitt Hall for men. Bobbie had a chance to pick carpet, furniture, etc. A big problem developed because the contractors were not able to complete the hall in time for school, so we lived in a gymnasium fitted with cots and some furniture for our family and the boys. To make matters worse, an influenza epidemic hit the campus just at that time so there were sick boys to take care of.

When we finally moved into Babbitt Hall, the children enjoyed the college boys and the new huge building which included three stories and a spacious basement. Melodie and Bill enrolled in the training school; Bobbie assumed the duties of house mother; I began teaching music and music education courses at the college. We attended church at the Institute building across the street from the girls' dormitory complex. Nello Rhoton was the bishop, Melvin Petersen was one counselor and Harold Goodman the other.

Because my undergraduate days had been so pleasant, I anticipated that working at the college would be much the same. However, it didn't turn out that way. The dormitory was really no place for our kids and all the activity made life quite hectic. We immediately started looking around for a chance to get back into high school teaching. I was invited to take a look at a position in the Tucson school system and we went there to visit. We even looked at a house to buy. While we were trying to make a firm decision, we were advised that there was an opening in the music area at Needles, California at an impressive

advance in salary. We investigated that situation, signed up, and made arrangements for a house to be built.

17. NEEDLES

We moved during the summer and left the cool mountain air at Flagstaff for the miserable heat of the desert at Needles. Fortunate for us, we had the big boat in which to load nearly everything we had and after doing that we headed for California. On the trip all was going well and suddenly we saw a wheel with a tire rolling alongside the car, then it left the road and ran out into the desert. An immediate drag was felt on the car and we knew the wheel was from the left side of our boat trailer. I cannot remember getting the wheel attached and traveling on to Needles, but apparently we did.

Again our intended home was not completed, but fortunately for us, the superintendent of schools, Max Rafferty, had moved his family into Los Angeles for the summer and he had invited us to live in his home until ours was completed. What generosity! We moved in, slept in their beds, used their furniture, read their books, and lived completely on their hospitality. I must pause here from my story to say that Max Rafferty was an extremely brilliant man. He later became superintendent of schools for the state of California, a nationally-known newspaper columnist, and a popular speaker. Please pardon this entry that I would like to include. When I asked him to write a recommendation for my application to register at the University of Colorado, he wrote one that Bobbie saw in my folder in the graduate school at that university. He wrote that I was the best music teacher he had ever known. Needless to say, I can't forget it.

Soon after we arrived in Needles, I was driving around town one day trying to take care of some of the needs we had in getting settled. Not knowing my way around I asked this friendly fellow about solving one of my problems (I think it was concerning the wheel on the boat trailer that we lost as we moved.) This fellow, who luckily turned out to be Wayne Cranney, sensed my predicament and immediately took the time and the effort to get things settled. Ever since that day Wayne has been a good friend. One day he came by the house to say that there was a railroad station house not far from town that was for sale. We bought that house and tore it down for the lumber that was in it. With my share of the lumber I built a club house for our kids. It was built with the floor about two and a half feet above the ground and had bunk beds. The children enjoyed playing in it.

In order to be paid for teaching in California, I needed a California teaching certificate. I had an Arizona certificate, a master's degree, eighteen hours above a master's toward a doctorate, and twelve years teaching experience, but, I still needed some specified courses, one of which was a counterpoint course. It was while working on this course when I became tired and bored that the idea came to me that Bobbie deserved a song just for her. Ideas for the melody were already in place and before the afternoon was

over, the song was finished. At the time, Bobbie liked it and she has sung it many times since in public.

BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU

I'll sing to you, my love; for skies are blue, my love;
My cares are few; my love, because you're you.
Days don't seem long, my love; there's nothing wrong, my love;
my life's a song, my love; because you're you.
I'm riding on a star and heaven's not too far when I can know
you are right here beside me.
And so, each lovely day please listen to me say, "I love you more each day,
because you're you.

This song seemed to fill a good purpose so I thought a song for our children would do just as well. Sometime later I wrote this song for Melodie.

THAT'S MY MIMI

If when you're walking down the street you see a girl so
sweet it makes your day complete, that's my Mimi.
If she is walking on the air without a single care and her
smile with you she'll share, that's my Mimi.
Her eyes are of the lightest brown; they sparkle when she speaks.
Her smile will warm your heart as it brings dimples to her cheeks
So if you should ever see her don't miss the chance to greet her.
You'll find there's no one sweeter than my Mimi.
You'll find there's no one sweeter than my Mimi.

Now for the boys the task became a little simpler because their names are all one syllable words.

BILL or JIM or JOHN

_____ is my very special sort of guy; he fills my life with joy and happiness.
I love him so and wish that he could know how much his touch and tender smile
can bless me.
He knows that I will always be close by to share his cares and drive his blues away.
I never have to try to know the reason why I know so well that _____'s my guy.

Living in Needles turned out to be a very unique experience. Not only was it nearly always the hottest spot in the nation on summer days, but the desert itself offered unusual opportunities. The children enjoyed going out to Lilly Hill and on occasion driving out to Snaggle Tooth. Most of all, the Colorado River provided a much needed diversion from the intense summer temperatures. Quite a few times, but not nearly enough, our boat gave us great pleasure. Memorable is the day Bobbie rode water skis behind the boat on the river for several miles. Her muscles had been so strained she couldn't stop shaking. While the summer days were miserable, the days of autumn, winter, and spring were delightful.

My first band and instrumental classes were held in a small, outdated room, but within a year or two, they built a new music building with practice rooms and separate large rooms for band and choir. When I was assigned to teach both the new building made it convenient. For teaching other non-music classes I went to other rooms on campus. Sometime while we were at Needles, Bobbie formed a children's chorus which performed very nicely.

Soon after we arrived in Needles I began playing in a small dance combo with three other fellows. They were congenial and playing with them was a fun activity. Playing that kind of music is one of the things I enjoy most.

Things I remember about the band other than daily practicing are buying new woolen uniforms for an appearance in a parade in Long Beach. We did look sharp until after it started to rain, then we looked like drowned rats. Also, that is the trip when one of the chaperones bought liquor for some of the students. As we traveled I thought singing would help pass the time, but soon discovered the only song they knew was Greasy, Grimey Gopher Guts. Another time Needles was scheduled to play a football game against Blythe High School. I think Dr. Rafferty, our district superintendent, was having some kind of competition with the superintendent at Blythe. He called me in and asked that we do something quite outstanding at the game. I learned that their band would not perform so I trained both the high school and the junior high to do shows. The junior high did the pre-game show and the high school did the half-time show. Both did an excellent job and before leaving town, both busses received dents from rocks thrown at them. However, Max Rafferty was extremely happy. On the way to another game with a high school near Los Angeles, the bus broke down. The Band Boosters soon had enough cars to carry the band, but we arrived too late to do the show.

The desert between Needles and Barstow was a large uninhabited area that the U.S. army used for war games while we were there. It was a large project with numerous troops, tanks, aircraft, big guns, etc. During the operation it became necessary to change the commanding general and this was excitement because the high school band was asked to play for the ceremony of the change of command. Having served in the military for four years, I was impressed with this experience. With so many men in the area various situations were bound to occur. One soldier drowned in the river when the boys were playing there and they assisted in finding the body. At another time a soldier was killed in a light plane crash. He was LDS and I, being bishop, had to make the arrangements for sending his body home to Logan, Utah.

Needing an opportunity for the music students to perform, I helped organize an instrumental music festival for all levels of players. I invited Calvin Greer, who was teaching at the El Camino Junior College, to come and be the adjudicator. Melodie and Bill both won superior ratings and Jim, a second grader, won an excellent for his trumpet solo. Just before Cal had come to Needles, his wife, Virginia, had given birth to a baby girl. Cal was concerned because the doctors had suspected she had Down's Syndrome. While he was in Needles he received a call saying that the little girl had passed away. Even so, Cal carried through with his assignment admirably.

One of the best things I did in Needles High was organize a full-sized dance band. The students had asked that I start one, but I reminded them that there was no time. They were soon to suggest that before school in the morning would suit them well. I knew that this wouldn't last long, but surprisingly it did and was successful. They chose the name The Blue Notes. They played for dances, made a record and even made a tour into Arizona to play the Junior Prom in St. Johns and the Senior Hop in Holbrook. I was pleased that Bill and another boy his age were able to practice with the band and make the trip.

I made arrangements to take some of the dance band boys in to Long Beach for a swing band clinic and workshop. We were excited about the experience and had made some appropriate preparations. The station wagon was loaded early that morning and we left for Long Beach. On the last curve as we left Needles, one of the town playboys tried to take the curve too fast and ran head-on into us. That, of course, canceled the trip. Another great experience was producing an operetta with my good friend Dan Wilson. I had known Dan while teaching in Chandler and in Needles I heard of an opening and told him about it. He followed through, took the job and moved to Needles. With my choir as the chorus for the operetta and the dance band playing the accompaniment, we put on a respectable operetta which ran for two or three nights. Dan is a fine director and a genius when working with young people. He said producing dramas was one of his responsibilities and since I helped him, he and Helen took us to Las Vegas for a night on the town.

A special night I remember fondly is the Daughter-Daddy date I had with Melodie. We had purchased an ancient Studebaker convertible and with it as our chariot we went to the school multi-purpose for a wonderful evening. Needless to say, my date was the most beautiful girl at the party.

All was not pleasant while we lived in Needles. I want to write more here about John's accident. When John was about eighteen months old he was riding in a wagon pulled by a little neighbor boy. A sharp turn threw John out. John had a stick with a suction cup in his mouth and the fall pushed the suction cup into his esophagus where it lodged. Dr. Harward made every effort to remove it, but couldn't. Arrangements were quickly made to fly him to Phoenix in a private plane for help. Bobbie called her uncle, Lynn Standifird, in Mesa to make arrangements there. I held John all the way and he was getting more limp all the time. When we in our small plane arrived at Sky Harbor, the tower held the commercial planes in pattern while we landed. Waiting for us were two ambulances and a fire truck. John was rushed to the hospital where it was touch and go with him for several days. Bobbie stayed right with him all the time until he was ready to

go home. I had to return to Needles to work. It was an anxious time and we are so grateful for how things turned out. This was a terribly trying experience.

My brother, Jack, was working in the hospital in Modesto, California where he had done a marvelous work. He was having terrible visceral pains and other physical malfunctions. I went on the bus to visit with him and his family hoping to be of some help. I came home knowing that they were having serious problems. Soon it became necessary that he have an operation, a colostomy. He came through the operation quite well, but after a few days some complications set in. Betty Jo called us to say that he wasn't doing well and that we should come. Alan Crowe told us to take his car because mine was old and not completely dependable. We left for Modesto quickly, but arrived two hours after Jack had passed away. There was a service for him at Modesto, then some of Betty's menfolk took his body to St. Johns where another service was held. This was an intensely emotional experience. I have never in my life known of a man with more solid, basic characteristics for living a good life than were those that Jack displayed every day.

Not long after Jack's death I received a call from Harold Goodman saying that there was an opening in the music department at Brigham Young University and he wanted me to apply. I was bishop at the time so I immediately called President Gibson and told him of the situation. President Gibson said that I was badly needed in Needles because we were in the midst of planning, financing, and building a new chapel. Besides, he said, this opportunity would come again soon. I had Bobbie call Harold and tell him what the President had said. She told me that Hal had said, "Don't you believe that this opportunity will come again soon. I have numerous applications on my desk right now for this position." We decided to go with the President's approval and we were thrilled with this opportunity for a new, different, wonderful experience.

18. PROVO AND BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Bobbie had already come to Provo to find us a house and while staying with the Goodmans she found us a great place to live at 3008 North 150 East in Edgemont. It was just right for us with four bedrooms and two bathrooms. There was a nice living room upstairs with a fireplace and a nice large room downstairs. The neighbors were wonderful consisting of the Richard Andersons, Forsythes, Grimmetts, Simmons, Mathers and Ballous. BYU paid for our move so we had loaded an Allied moving truck and left our Needles home where we had spent six pretty good years, the children's club house, the desert, an unfinished chapel and my bishop's responsibilities and moved to Provo. I might mention that in our move we took the small motorcycle I had bought from the son of Joe Blizzard, principal at Needles High School.

Before we left Needles we had a fun trip that the children have not forgotten to this day. We went to the coast for an outing with the Keate family. Our tents were pitched on the sandy beach and the kids had all the ocean they wanted for several days. Ken and I went out on a fishing boat and caught enough fish to feed our families and the

other people camped nearby. The owners of the boat filleted the large fishes and we grilled them over charcoals.

We found the scenery in Provo so different from the desert we had become accustomed to. With so many trees and lawns, towns nearby, mountains and canyons to the east, and a large lake to the west, we felt like we were on another planet. The children immediately made good friends, Bobbie seemed well satisfied and I was challenged by the prospects for the future.

Our first home in Provo was in Edgemont. The previous owner had planted flowers and bushes of many varieties. Adjoining the fence in our back yards was a huge playground with a small basketball court. The baskets were low and boys came often to "slam dunk".

The chapel for the Edgemont Third ward was about three blocks from our home and naturally we went to church the first Sunday. Our family was met at the door by Charles Metten and when the meeting started it was MacCene Grimmett playing the piano and Maxine Cameron directing the singing. Evan Peterson was the bishop and he was replaced sometime later by Shirl Kemp. I had little to do with the ward since I was bishop on campus, but somehow I discovered that there were sufficient drum and trumpet players in the Third Ward to form a drum and bugle corps. There is not much that I remember except that Jim was the best trumpet player and Verdon Simmons was the best drummer. The boys practiced enough to perform a decent showing at a scout jamboree in the Smith Field House. They were invited to play at other functions, but I don't remember if they did. Bishop Kemp was really pleased. Later he asked me to teach leadership classes to the young men and young women leaders of the ward.

To an extent I think I felt at home at BYU since I had attended school here the summer before. I must admit that before going to Flagstaff to school I had been given some negative feelings toward this school by a recruiter who came to visit me while I was a senior in high school. After he learned that I was going to Flagstaff on a music scholarship and that I played the trumpet he told me I should have learned the violin and decided to come to Provo. Nevertheless, I had some good feelings about the school because my brother, Roy, had been studentbody president here in the late twenties and Leona had been historian when she went to school.

I was awed by the characters and abilities of the men who formed the administration of the area in which I was to work. Ernest Wilkinson was president of the University, Conan Mathews was dean of the college of Fine Arts, Crawford Gates was chairman of the Music Department, and Harold Goodman was head of the music education area. Being surrounded by such great administrative, scholarly, and musical talent I really felt like a hick from the sticks. The Tuesday devotionals and forums, held first in the Smith Field House and later in the gigantic Marriot center, were always inspirational. The devotionals featured the general authorities of the church and the forums provided opportunities to hear gifted persons in many different areas. Teaching where gospel principles governed all activities and behaviors was a wonderful feeling. I feel that I have always taught that way without identifying what I have done as being gospel directed.

Occupying a nice office on the fifth floor of the newly completed Harris Fine Arts Center I had plenty to do right away preparing to teach the kinds of music classes I had never taught before-- teaching elementary classroom teachers fundamentals of music they might teach in their classrooms and teaching music majors to direct bands, orchestras, choirs and general music classes in secondary schools.

Although working in this new situation under different condition was something of a strain, life was definitely enjoyable. The buildings and the campus with its walks, lawns, trees, and flowers were immaculate, kept that ways by student employees. We thoroughly enjoyed the sports and participated in a small way with the building of the stadium and the Marriot Center by buying donor tickets to the ballgames. Nearly every day I used the workout facilities and the sauna in the George Albert Smith fieldhouse.

The library was a great place where one could find nearly any book. The Wilkinson Center contained the bookstore, a theater, ballroom, sports center, and a restaurant. I did enjoy the nachos they served in the Cougar eat.

My life was so enjoyable that one day I made an appointment with the academic vice president to ask him how I could become a permanent member of the BYU faculty. He told me that I should get a doctorate, preferably not from the University of Utah, but from some university outside of the state. Immediately I started studying German and French knowing that two foreign languages were needed for a doctorate. I took a class in German and took the test, but failed. We started looking around for a place to get that doctorate and finally decided to give the University of Colorado at Boulder a try. Bobbie and I made a trip to Boulder to look over the situation and thought it as convenient to our situation as we could find. I studied in Boulder the following summer then taught at BYU during the winter then went back the next summer to stay for the completion of the degree.

19. BOULDER AND THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

When I traveled to Colorado for the summers I drove an old, green Volkswagen bug we had bought from Bonnie Weeks' brother for about \$150. he first summer I lived with the Armstrongs living in the bedroom of a son who was on a mission. The next summer I lived in a bedroom rented from a crotchety older woman who lived in north Boulder. These summers were spent studying German and French to pass those requirements for a Ph.D. I have mentioned studying German and failing a test at BYU by just a few points. After I received my degree I learned that my score which was failing at BYU was passing for the University of Colorado and that I really didn't need to spend any more time studying German. It soon became apparent that without the family, studying for a length of time would be unacceptable. So, arrangements were made for them to move to Boulder. Bobbie sold her Mode-o-Day business, fixed up our home, and rented it. I found a little house on 30th street where hippies had lived and wrecked and had been evicted. The place required considerable repair, but became adequate with our efforts. It

was near campus which proved to be an advantage. While previously writing about Bobbie, I described the miraculous way she obtained a great job at the university. We were quite crowded until Melodie came back to Provo to live with her grandparents and go to BYU and after some time, Bill came back to Provo, too.

Studying was pretty much routine. I attended graduate classes with much younger students (I was 46 at the time). My music classes mainly had to do with musicology and music history and little to do with the aspect of music in which I was most interested, that is, teaching basic musical principles and skills to non-musical persons like those found in the public schools. Dr. William Reeves was my counselor and a valuable principle I learned from him was, "When you come to me for help, bring material that you have done then we can accept it, modify it, or reject it. In this way we will have accomplished something. Do not come to ask me what you should do next."

My last year at the University was spent writing a dissertation which is a culminating task for a doctoral degree. I don't know how she did it, but Bobbie typed the entire work. It was discouraging task because she did it in hours she could manage after doing her job at the school and being a mother and housewife. It was not easy finding a subject, but I finally did. Its title is THE FORMULATION AND CLASSIFICATION OF SECONDARY SCHOOL CHORUS OBJECTIVES ACCORDING TO BLOOM'S TAXONOMY OF EDUCATIONAL OBJECTIVES IN THE COGNITIVE DOMAIN. During this year I was asked by a professor to describe my study and findings to a class. I only remember that they gave me an ovation for giving the title without having to use notes.

While we were there, Bill got a job working on a garbage collection truck. Full garbage cans are heavy and Bill remarked that he never worked so hard in his life. Jim got a job in a pizza place working a night shift. We had to pick him up after midnight, but we learned after a while that he was made manager of that night shift. This was remarkable knowing that Jim was only fourteen years old and shouldn't have been working at night.

I, too, found a job to give me some change from school work. Bernie Roper had a flourishing plumbing business and he gave me a job as a helper to some of the journeymen. Bernie is a big, cheerful man and enjoyed humorous things. At one time the Relief Society asked me to put together a program and be master of ceremonies for a bazaar. I remembered the high school girl in Chandler who fooled everyone when she played the prelude for an assembly using only the black keys on the piano. Knowing the simple, basic principles of that kind of music, I knew I could teach them to Bernie quickly. After he and I had a session he was ready. At the bazaar, Bernie played like a professional with all the actions. The whole audience was shocked, especially his wife, Dottie who could not believe what she was seeing and hearing. His financial clerk refused to believe it claiming it was some kind of trick. I have thanked Bernie several times for giving me my Ph.D., plumbing, heating and digging.

Boulder, during that period of time was a center for hippies and therefore a center for immorality. It was evident everywhere and especially in Norlin Library where I spent many hours each day. Also, perhaps because of the extreme liberal life style, the university was a recognized center for contemporary music. One featured guest was John Page who accepted any sound that occurred during a designated period of time as

authentic music. This contemporary atmosphere disgusted rather than inspired me. I must mention one memorable experience that happened during one of my classes. I felt an earthquake!!

One night I was traveling around taking care of some assignments and a strong wind came up. It was difficult keeping the Volks on the road, but I did. Bobbie was home alone with Jim and John and the wind became so bad they went into the bathroom, locked the door, and lied down on the floor. The wind blew out one of the big front windows. Gene Andrews came the next morning and put a piece of plywood over the opening to keep the weather out. By the way, that piece of plywood we are still using to support the springs of the bed in the little bedroom.

One day about this time my good friend Don Snow approached me to say that the Denver West Stake MIA was trying to produce a scheduled roadshow and that it wasn't coming together as it should have and would I please come to the stake house to take over this production. This task had no fear for me because I had done this kind of thing many times. The roadshow performance came off well much to the pleasure of the MIA officers. For some reason I do not know I was called shortly after that to be on the Denver West Stake high council with an assignment to work with the stake mission. A short time later the stakes in that region were invited by the General Boards of the YMMIA and the YWMIA to provide the music for the church MIA conference in June I think. I was thrilled to be asked to organize train and direct this region choir for that assignment. It meant traveling to Denver frequently for practicing the anthems and hymns which were selected from a list sent from Salt Lake City. The whole operation was fun, but the climax came when we loaded eleven Greyhound buses with exuberant young people, drove to Salt Lake City, then practiced and performed in the Tabernacle in the very seats where the Mormon Tabernacle Choir broadcasts their program every Sunday morning.

Another task I enjoyed was teaching early morning seminary at the ward house. Teaching the class was not new to me, but this class I remember because Jim, who was a member of the class, told one of the problem boys to "bug off" and stop being a nuisance to his Dad, or else. More about Jim. I was so tired from loading the truck to move us home, I became very sleepy. Although he was only fourteen years old, Jim took over the steering wheel and drove most of the way home.

My written and oral exams were difficult and my advisor told me later that I nearly failed. Nevertheless, I didn't fail, and in August 1969 we, accompanied by our friends LeRoy and Lorita Alldredge, attended the ceremony where I received my Ph.D. (piled higher and deeper). It seems ridiculous to me that after spending two intense years studying German and French, I have had no use for a single word of either language in the twenty-six years since then. Nevertheless, the title of "Doctor" did open some doors of opportunity for me.

20. BACK TO PROVO

It as wonderful to come home and to be on the top side of the effort to obtain an advanced degree. Being the teacher is far more pleasant than trying to meet the demands of doctoral degree professors. At times they made me feel as if I were a high school freshman again and they were sophomores. I do enjoy teaching and especially teaching music. Basic musical concepts are really quite simple and it is great to see students learn that they can do musical things. Having a doctorate seemed to bring me more acceptance and respect from my colleagues. Soon after I arrived at BYU from Needles, one professor was heard to say that I was hired to be on the faculty because I would be a good bishop not necessarily a good teacher. Hal Goodman, who brought me to the Y, was a stake president at the time.

In one of my teacher training classes, a student who was serious about her training declared that she was taking music ed classes from me and education classes over in the education building and there seemed to be no relationship between the two. Immediately I could see that her statement was obviously true and that it was a stupid situation that needed remedying quickly. Without delay I visited the education department and learned that they were embarking on a new training program about which they were really excited.

It took me no time to gain the same excitement. They called the program I-STEP for Individualized Student Teacher Education Program. I was even more attracted to it when I learned that Melodie was in the program from the Psychology Department. The curriculum included units of related principles, activities, problems, and experiences having to do with the nature and functioning in teaching the various disciplines, i.e., science, math, music, etc. There were also experiences which were found to help student teachers learn about themselves and relationships with other people, such as, campouts for two or three days, blind walks both touching and by instruction only, riding zip lines, crossing a river on loose ropes, and rappelling down cliffs. These sometimes hazardous activities were carefully supervised by super educators and experienced outdoorsmen, such as Hugh Baird, Dwayne Belt, and Lyle Holder. On the last outing we went up Diamond Fork to allow some rappelling experiences. Lyle and I went up a little early and I helped him tie in the ropes that insure safety for the rappellers. The students came later and we spent a day of good experiences. When we were finished we all came down from the cliff except Lyle who stayed on top to untie the ropes. He threw down the equipment saving one long rope to rappel on. This rope he placed over a vertical jutting of rock so it would hold the doubled rope as he came down on it. Holding the doubled rope he climbed out onto the face of the cliff and with his legs jumped out so his weight would carry him downward. As he came back against the face of the cliff the rope around the rock loosened, came up over the jutting rock and let Lyle fall backwards for eighty or ninety feet. Gordon Jessop and I were standing very near and immediately we gave him a blessing, I being the voice, which was of no use. Lyle was killed instantly. This ended these kinds of activities for the I-STEP program. Lyle and I had been very close for many months for we had worked hard trying to improve the training of future music teachers. We had even made a presentation together of our program at an MENC convention in Chicago. I have never had a better friend than Lyle Holder.

In the Music Department there were impressive individuals who made my daily work more productive and enjoyable. Harold Goodman, who I had known since high

school age and who invited and helped me to come to BYU, was chairman of the music education area and later became head of the Music Department, gave me much attention to get me started in my job. Soon after I arrived Jim Mason became head of the music ed area and he too became the Department head and later Dean of the College of Fine Arts. Jim has been a great professional friend and made opportunities for me to become more visible in the area and also in the music education profession. It was Jim who as Music Department chairman recommended and obtained for me a full professorship. Newell Dayley followed Jim Mason as Department chairman and I was continually impressed with his musicianship and leadership. The music ed area is different from the other areas in the department, maybe in the eyes of professors in the other areas a sort of stepchild. A graduate student who came into the program with music ed as his goal was Gordon Jessop. Gordon finished his degree at the Y then was hired as a faculty member. We worked together for a long time and he remains a very good friend.

There are two graduate students who worked with me who stand out prominently in my mind. Alan Allred is a fine string teacher and orchestra director now and when we worked together before he received his degree our philosophies and methods were compatible. Because of this we became good friends. After many years I saw Alan again in the Temple. He is now teaching orchestra at Timpview High School and working in some of the elementary schools. One day, way back when, a young lady who was a graduate student asked if she could visit my class to observe. She was welcome and after class she asked if she could work with me because she was impressed with what she had seen. My approach to teaching the elements of music, I think, are quite different from the approaches of other music teachers I know. This young lady, her name was June Lubnuwski, said my way was different and he wanted to know more about it. Well, she did work with me for several months and was excited every day with the ideas and methods she was learning and using. One day she handed me a small sheet of paper on which she had written,

(To RLG teacher)

"Suddenly there was stretching,
Feelings never known
crying to be released;
Thoughts and ideas bombarding
until they explode
in the ecstasy of discovery."

This thrilled me because she felt that way and because I have had these very feelings many times about certain things I have been learning.

After we returned, Bobbie became involved in the Meals on Wheels program then she went into selling real estate. She found a piece of property, 3 1/2 acres, of land, in north Orem that looked very inviting. She sold our home in Edgemont and we moved out to the farm, but not before I and John had put in some good effort stripping the old varnish of the kitchen cupboards. This was a good move. The property included a home,

a garage, a huge horse pasture, a peach orchard, and a garden area with wonderful soil. I removed the fencing around the horse pasture, first the fence on the north and west sides which was of wire fabric, and next the six-foot high chain link fence on the south side which I moved to enclose one acre around the house, garage, orchard, and garden area. This activity was really fun, except for the irrigating which often came at night or during a school day when I needed to be at work.

There is evidence that we were feeling quite affluent at that time. There were three in our family, John, Bobbie and me and we were all driving our own cars. John was driving a Pontiac Formula, Bobbie was driving a pink Cadillac, and I was driving a yellow Nissan 280Z which Jim had made arrangements to get for me without my knowledge. I had been driving to Salt Lake City weekly to attend Sunday School General Board meetings in my old, worn-out Volkswagen bug which was running on faith. I came home from board meeting quite late one evening, this was at the north Orem farm, and as I entered the house, Bobbie met me to say that some boys had been walking through the back yard and somehow had broken the big picture window and sadly took me to show me the damage. As she pulled back the drapes, I saw no broken glass, but this beautiful, bright yellow automobile. I drove this wonderful vehicle to work at BYU and to surrounding towns on Sunday School business and really felt like the king of the road. As times grew worse I traded it in for a four door Datson station wagon for Bobbie to use to transport her real estate customers.

We went to church in an old building that was across State street from our farm. As usual the ward members were friendly and we enjoyed their associations. I don't remember why I went to church early every Sunday, but I did. One counselor to the bishop had a little daughter and she came early to church also. We became very good friends and often she would come and sit with me. One Sunday I didn't come early, but waited for Bobbie. We walked into the chapel together. The little girl was sitting with her mother who told us later that as we entered the little girl asked, "Mother, who is that woman with Heavenly Father?"

When Bobbie was arranging to have the new home built, she took me to the building site to see what I thought. The plot looked great situated in a garden spot where raspberries had been growing. As the actual building began, the contractors first scraped the beautiful top soil into a large pile, then they dug the basement hole from which came tons of rocks. This would be nice I thought to be rid of all those rocks. However, when they had finished building and started putting dirt back around the house, it was not the beautiful top soil they used, but the rocks which had come out of the hole. The good dirt was taken elsewhere. Later, I counted forty wheelbarrows of rock that I had to haul out of the yard.

My disappointment in moving from our north Orem farm was lessened by the fact that my 2 1/2 acre horse pasture had been developed and the houses were built so close there was no place for the waste irrigation water to go so I could not use my water shares. The new home was very attractive and when we were about ready to move in, a plumber left a fitting loose and the house, especially the big room in the basement, was flooded and ruined so that much material had to be replaced. Finally, all the problems were solved and we enjoyed living in the luxury of this mansion. While Bobbie was working in the

commercial world through her involvement with Mobile Meals and real estate. She became acquainted with many people, both men and women, who she valued greatly and who held her in high esteem. Her work and interests occupied her quite completely as mine did me and were generally in different worlds so to speak. This situation came to a head when one morning when Bobbie informed me that she was tired putting up with me and wanted a separation. This really did not come as a shock because our relationship was far less than I had hoped for. I resisted a little, but to no avail. I moved out and asked Jim and Leslie if I could sleep in one of their bedrooms. They agreed and were exceptionally kind to me. Bobbie soon decided that a separation was not enough and she wanted a divorce. Her attorney made arrangements and quickly a judge granted the divorce with a final date in about three months. Bobbie moved into an apartment in central Provo and I purchased a condominium in south Provo with help from Jim. John elected to live with me. We were both working so with a crockpot we managed to prepare something to eat.

I became pretty well adjusted to the new situation making new friends and receiving great emotional support from my associates and acquaintances. I passed Bobbie on the street a time or two, but had little other communication. Later she told me that living alone had been a rewarding experience for her and that she had never felt closer to the spirit than at that time. One Sunday I went to a farewell sacrament meeting for Jimmie Brown. Bobbie was there also and she said she wanted to talk to me and would I come to her apartment that evening. I went and she told me that she knew the Lord wanted us back together. So, we went back together, making more moves, but finally ending up back in the big house.

The people who had lived there had not taken care of things so both the house and the yard were in bad shape. We knew that we were unable to make payments on the place so Bobbie really went to work trying to find a way we could get out from under that burden. Luckily, Bobbie was able to find an interested couple and arrange a deal in which by trading homes we were freed from that huge debt.

The house for which we traded was only about four blocks away and with some wonderful help from brethren of my high priests' quorum we moved quickly. In the back yard I planted peach, plum, and cherry trees and strained several pickup loads of rocks out of a garden area and replaced the rocks with loads of rich, black soil from land near the lake. While we lived here we found that Bobbie's parents in Provo were becoming less and less able to take care of themselves and more dependent on us and whatever we could do for them. Her mother especially was failing rapidly. Having responsibility in two homes was heavy so we decided to move into their home and turn our Orem house over to Bill and Betty and children.

Living with George and Lila was not easy for there were new kinds of problems with their care. In addition, serious problems arose in our personal relationship which caused me to decide to retire from BYU. About this time I received a phone call from Earl Patterson, principal of St. Johns High School, asking if I could recommend a music teacher they could hire there. This opportunity seemed interesting to me so I recommended myself and we went to St. Johns to teach for two years leaving George and Lila in the care of a girl from Honduras.

21. ST. JOHNS FOR THE SECOND TIME

It was with a happy anticipation that we moved to St. Johns and found that our accommodations were very satisfactory. We had arranged to live in the home of Arvol and Monita Lee who during the winter would move to Mesa to be out of the harsh winters of St. Johns. They would move back during the summers and Arvol would plant a great garden which he would leave for us to use. We arrived in St. Johns before they moved, so we rented a small apartment from Ernie Wilbur for a few weeks. The extremely small apartment proved to be no problem for us and we enjoyed getting ready to teach.

My band room was huge, so different from the little music room where I had gone to school and had taught my first year of teaching. The school was new, built out west of town just past where my fathers' farm was located where I used to keep my horse. There was a large modern auditorium even with an orchestra pit and just off my band room was a room filled with electric pianos. The facilities were excellent and everything appeared to be just right for a grand experience. It soon became apparent though that the coming year would not bring the satisfying results of my first year of teaching. Missing was the most important element in learning, which is desire. Musical standards had depreciated and while performances were continued they lacked in finesse due to lack of thorough preparation. Considering myself to be a competent teacher having trained teachers for twenty years at BYU, I believed that I could make some needed changes. Determined to get results, I arranged my schedule to provide time for helping individuals. However, tardiness, absence, missing appointments, and lack of sincere efforts by the students made me quite ineffective. The word was that as a retired college professor, I expected too much from high school students and after all, they had achieved well enough before I arrived. The festivals were a disappointment possibly because the adjudicators were school teachers from other schools. Festivals organized by Eldon Ardrey in earlier days were adjudicated by educators who were known even nationally for their expertise. These festivals had been peak experiences for the participants and the adjudicators made them truly educational and inspirational. I lasted in this job two years.

Though disappointing professionally, our lives there were made enjoyable by things that happened. Our families came from Idaho, Utah and Phoenix to be with us for Thanksgiving. We had wonderful times. My huge music room was a great place to play games, have races, play the musical instruments, dance, etc. We were able to use the church facilities for our Thanksgiving dinners. The school playgrounds provided excellent places for fun activities. The Blue Hills were always a favorite place of mine and our families seemed to enjoy being there as much as I did. Lee Gibbons' family with all their talent brought a program from Provo that was a real spectacle. Their performances were outstanding. John, Jennifer and family lived in Phoenix and we were able to have little Jason come stay with us in St. Johns for several days. He had a wonderful time especially playing in the large pile of leaves that had fallen.

Bobbie enjoyed being in St. Johns and as in other places we have lived she made many very good friends. She made three trips back to Provo while I was working. She returned once to testify at the excommunication trial of a misbehaving BYU professor.

She returned when her mother died unexpectedly. (I returned for a very short time to speak at Lila's funeral.) Then she returned early to work for Jim with his development projects.

I enjoyed being with people I had known for many years especially my Gibbons cousins and Stan Hamblin and Alma Patterson who were the son and daughter of Aunt Sadie and Uncle Jake Hamblin. Aunt Sadie was my mother's oldest sister.

22. PROVO AGAIN

Back in Provo again we found that the trees, plants, flowers, etc., were in poor condition and required considerable attention. I was pleased to have opportunities to work again at BYU and enjoyed teaching some classes in Piano Chording using my approach of structuring the learning of the principle elements of music. These classes were popular even though they met five hours a day each day for a week. The usual response was that learning the basic concepts and the simple skills required gave more understanding of music than ever before. I also taught in the Church Music Workshops for several years. Nearly everyone, except trained musicians, enjoy successfully doing simple musical activities. I still often meet students who recognize me for the simple concepts and skills they learned from me even many years ago.

During this time I kept trying to do some good by teaching Bill's and Jim's kids music lessons on piano, trumpet, and drums. I think I tried to push them too hard.

One summer, with an invitation from Melodie, we went with their family to the Exposition in Vancouver, Canada. The displays were fantastic and we enjoyed every minute. Before leaving Canada we visited Vancouver Island where we saw the Butchart Gardens. We crossed over back into the states on a ferry and drove down the beautiful coastline to Cannon Beach in Oregon. We stayed there on the beach for a couple of days before coming home. It was the most glorious vacation trip we have ever taken.

Another summer we drove to Boise then traveled again with the Lamm Family to Sun River in Oregon where we again spent several wonderful days. Melodie, Rick and each of their children are great individuals and fun to be with. These things happened because Melodie planned ahead and included us.

I tried to find some interesting "busyness" by substituting teaching in surrounding schools. An interest in learning and achieving was not to be found in most of the students I taught and competing for control seemed to be my greatest effort. To me learning is one of the most enjoyable activities possible and it is puzzling to me why schools are the most "unfun" places that exist.

Items that held our interest at this time were the musical activities of both Melodie and Bill. Melodie belonged to some choral organizations in Boise and we traveled there a few times to hear some performances. One especially memorable was the opera, La Traviata which was even more enjoyable because of Melodie's participation. Bill was in the Salt Lake City Symphonic Chorus for a length of time and then became a member of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and had many wonderful experiences broadcasting weekly with them and also making several trips to perform with them. When the Choir went to

the Holy Land, the members were allowed to take along their spouses, providing they paid their own way. Because of responsibilities at home Betty, Bill's wife, couldn't go so he asked for and received permission to take Melodie along. This was an experience neither will ever forget and because of it they brought inspiration home to us.

Bill attracted our attention when he was invited to go to Washington, D.C. to work on the staff of Senator Orin Hatch. Bill was really excited and made a great effort to support the Senator. To me it is amazing that he drove Betty's old Volkswagen bug from Provo to Washington traveling alone. Working there among all those world-famous people with world-affecting ideas was glamorous for Bill, but it didn't take long for him to realize that Washington, D.C. was no place for his family, so he climbed in that little yellow bug and drove home to Provo.

It was apparent that Jim in his development business needed some support so I took on some custodial responsibilities at the North Canyon Condominiums. The details took considerable time and periodically the job was unpleasant because of the problems some of the tenants were constantly giving Jim. Later I was able to help out with some of the work at the Avenues project.

The morning of July 12, 1987 I was not feeling very well. The night before I had severe problems with vomiting and with "the rocky mountain quick step". The families had all gone to the Allred "cabin" above Park City and the night before I had eaten very foolishly. We decided I should probably go home to Provo and Bill and Jim drove us down to the highway. As they were preparing to return to the cabin, I passed out and they hurriedly headed for Park City with me to find a doctor. I was not unconscious very long, but at Park City they decided I was dehydrated, but should go to a hospital in Salt Lake City to make sure things were all right. In an ambulance headed for the hospital I lost consciousness again and with lights flashing they hurried me to the University hospital. I remember none of this, but when Bill arrived at emergency he said they were pounding on my chest vigorously. In the waiting room a doctor told Bobbie that my chance for survival were not very good. Word was sent to the cabin that the family should come that probably the end was not far away. I remember none of this. I do remember the discomfort I suffered from the rough tube they had pushed down my throat. Finally, I asked the nurse to remove it and after she did I think I was quite comfortable. The consulting doctors never did decide what was the trouble and after giving me every test they could think of, I received a pacemaker to prevent my heart's stopping again. During my stay in intensive care and after being moved I did not suffer in the least. The following Saturday I was released and the next morning I attended bishopric meeting feeling spry as ever.

Other momentous events I remember are Rick's and Melodie's inspired move to McCall, Idaho and Rick's unusual experience in buying the beautiful home out on Silver Fox Trail. Jim was making a name for himself winning golf tournaments. I spent considerable time each day taking care of George. As he became older, his care needs increased. There was bathing and dressing him every day, later he had to be diapered and he wanted me to read to him anytime. I did not realize just how ill he really was and I was truly surprised when in Mesa I returned home from John's church meetings to be told that

he had died. The family took part in his funeral and especially memorable was Lee's and Felicia's singing O Divine Redeemer.

With George's passing, Bishop Robert Walz decided it was time for us to consider a mission. Stake President Laren Robison had predicted some time earlier that Bobbie and I would be the next missionary couple from our ward. So, we started getting our papers in and as the bishop had requested, we started studying Spanish, by ourselves and in a pre-MTC class. An unusual thing happened one day as I was standing before a bookcase in Bobbie's office. I reached into the shelf without thinking or looking, pulled out a book and let it fall open. Then I started to read. It was an account of Apostle Melvin J. Ballard's being sent to Argentina by President Heber J. Grant to dedicate South America for missionary work. On December 25, 1925 in Buenos Aires Apostle Ballard gave the dedicatory prayer. I felt this was a significant coincident. Also, my cousin, Francis Marion Gibbons (Frank) as a General Authority had been president over an area there in South America which gave greater interest to our call to Buenos Aires, Argentina.

23. LA MISION ARGENTINA BUENOS AIRES NORTE

On January 8, 1962 we entered the senior Missionary Training Center where we would stay and learn all we could about what we would need in Argentina. Our trainers were young returned missionaries and all except one were trying to teach more than Spanish. The eight weeks there were somewhat disappointing, except that the cafeteria served meals that always were superb. However, there were many inspirational meetings with General Authorities and other talented teachers. I know our young instructors did the best they knew. One of the instructors was a young man who knew what he was trying to do. He drilled us in the language every day sensing our need for constant practice. In talking with him I discovered that he was the son of a special girl who demonstrated unusual ability as a student in my music education class many years before.

Our trip started with a flight to Los Angeles where we received visas and passports at the Argentina consulate. Ginger Henning and Bobbie's aunt, Betty Jo Telford, visited with us that evening.

About noon the next day we boarded a Boeing 747 and before dark we were in Mexico City. For about an hour we were able to leave the plane and visit the terminal. There we found there was no place to get a drink of water, the merchandise was of poor quality, but of high price. After dark we left for Buenos Aires and were amazed at the size of the city because the lights continued on and on for a long time. On a television screen above us a picture showed us the progress of the plane as we flew a long distance over water and then over the mountains and jungles of South America. It was amusing to me that we were awakened at 2:00 A.M. to eat. We were scheduled to land at 8:15 A.M., but because the airport was fogged in we traveled on to Montevideo, Uruguay where we sat on the ground for three hours before returning to Buenos Aires where we were met by a

missionary from the mission home. The Temple was on our way so we drove through the grounds just to see them. The outside of the building reminded us of the Boise Temple.

We enjoyed the hospitality of the mission home and meeting President and Sister Gustav Berta. That evening he assigned us to go to a town some one hundred and fifty miles to the west called Salto. The next morning two elders bought beds and utensils and drove us to Salto. We were housed in the building where they held church and where the missionaries lived. The missionaries were better missionaries than housekeepers. The place was a disaster. Filth describes it better than dirt. Bobbie did a wonderful job in making the place livable. Here we met a missionary who proved to be a favorite throughout our mission. Elder Godoy was very short, not as tall as Bobbie, but he was a powerhouse.

President Focaracio was in charge of the branch, but he was tired having kept things moving without help from the district leaders. He had hoped I had come to replace him, but that never happened. Persons in Salto we will never forget are Marta Castagnoli and Lorena Peralta. Marta is a beautiful woman with a beautiful spirit. She supported the missionaries in every way she was able. She helped us buy bicycles, cut my hair, fixed Bobbie's hair, brought food and visited us frequently. An American missionary had fallen for her and had promised to send for her, but he didn't. She deserved better. Lorena is a brilliant girl who at that time was fourteen years old. I hired her to teach us Spanish lessons. She would laugh very hard at some of the words we tried to say. We hope things are going better for her. She received little support from her family.

An unforgettable experience came when Carlos and Elsa Sanchez asked me to come to their home and dedicate it. He was a carpenter by trade and had built a beautiful home. She came to the branch occasionally and especially enjoyed our singing activities. With the missionaries we went to their home and after a delicious meal, we knelt and I offered a prayer of dedication of their home. With my limited language ability the prayer couldn't have been very inspiring. The spirit was there so I feel the mission was accomplished.

A family named Rojo invited the missionaries and us to their home for a barbeque and it was interesting to see how they arranged the fire so the meat would be cooked and then kept warm. The meal was a great experience, but I often had the feeling that as poor as these people were, we had no business eating their food. The matrimonios before us felt the same way. We did invite this family to our home for dinner and wondering if they would come we waited over an hour until they finally came. Salto was a unique experience and we will not forget it especially my falling into a mud hole just as we were going into a home to hold a family home evening. Needless to say, the home evening did not take place that night.

The mission president in Montevideo, Uruguay had requested that we be sent to his mission, but my having a pacemaker required that we go to the Buenos Aires mission because there was a doctor in that city that was familiar with the type I had. This doctor was Dr. Ricardo Pesce. Going to see him several times during the mission was a nuisance and there was never a reason I needed to see him.

Two new elders were assigned to Salto while we were there. Elder Anderson was a quiet fellow from Idaho who stayed with us while his senior companion went to another

place on mission business. He liked us and we liked him. The other elder, Elder Elliott, I must mention because we were near him throughout our mission. In Rojas the weekly meeting was held in the chapel where we lived. The missionaries from a nearby town were required to be there and when they showed up, one of them was Elder Danny Elliot. As we transferred to Zarate we were met by two missionaries and who would one of them be but Elder Elliot. After returning home to Provo, we went to a chapel to see one of my long time friends and as we visited, who came out of the building? That's right. Danny Elliot. This time with his newly acquired wife.

One Saturday afternoon I was told to call the office of the mission president. He told us to be ready the next morning to move to Rojas. This was upsetting because the next morning was ward conference and we had prepared a choir to sing for it. President Focaracio was really disappointed. He called President Berta to ask for a change in plans. I think he had hoped that I would replace him as branch president. We were allowed to attend the conference meeting, but then were hustled off to Rojas.

ROJAS

We had been to Rojas before for a meeting and were certainly not impressed with the place. The chapel was in a fairly large home where two smaller rooms had been joined to make a meeting place. Just off the long porch was a smaller back yard with a large tree and shrubbery with a gate that opened to a large yard, big enough to play volleyball and softball. Weeds grew profusely especially in the big yard that had also been used as a dumping place for rocks, bricks, cans, etc.

The previous couple, LaRue and Carolyn Lunt, had been moved into the main office in Buenos Aires. The zone leaders told us that the Lunts had helped establish some undesirable practices by giving members money, making presents for them, etc. The warning that we would probably be expected to do the same turned out to be true. We received numerous requests for money for rent, light bills, food, etc. It was definitely evident that they needed all the financial help they could get, but care had to be taken that welfare assistance did not become a motivation for joining the church.

We were blessed in Rojas with exceptional young missionary leaders. The senior companion when we first arrived was Marcelo Rearte. He was a tall, handsome, mature young man with great personality. We were constantly impressed with him. He didn't remain long and was replaced by another outstanding missionary named Carlos Carreon. When he introduced himself as Elder Carreon, Bobbie and I immediately sang, "Carry on, Carry on, Carry on." In later meetings we sometimes had the missionaries sing, "Firm as the mountains around us, Stalwart and brave we stand." When we came to the chorus we would revert to the English words. Elder Carreon stayed in Rojas with us for about five months for which we were grateful.

As Thanksgiving 1992 approached, some of the Elders in the area asked Bobbie if she would cook a Thanksgiving dinner for them. They each gave five dollars to the project and Bobbie prepared a miraculous feast. There were no turkeys, but Bobbie found some huge chickens that filled the purpose. Another outstanding feature of the meal was mountains of mashed potatoes with plenty of brown gravy. One can only imagine the

ecstasy with which those elders filled their plates (several times) and devoured that food. One of the elders was Shane Lee from St. Johns whom I had taught there in 1984-85.

Important to us in Rojas also were members of the church who were so indispensable to our congregation and branch activities. There were the Medinas. Aristobulo, who was my counselor in the branch and frequent companion in church affairs. In district meetings he would be the spokesman because I couldn't be. The leaders there called me Moses and Aristobulo, Aaron. He also taught priesthood class. Maria, his wife, taught Gospel Doctrine and made some dresses for Bobbie. Marta Cabrera was an older woman who carried what there was of a Relief Society for years. She was a little heavy, but she walked all over town visiting and making sure everyone knew all the gossip. Frequently she brought us vegetables from somewhere. Living near Sister Cabrera were the Salazar sisters. Two of them were members and they were fairly consistent attendees. Bobbie gave piano lessons to one of them. A third sister joined the church just after we left Rojas.

One of our best true friends in Rojas was Cristina Arangel. She wanted in the worst way to join the church, but due to circumstances she could not. Some fifteen years before she had married and had two sons. Not long after her husband deserted her and she was without support for herself and children. To solve this problem, she found another man who would give the support but without marriage. By this man she had three little girls. In trying to create interest in the branch, I found broomsticks, cut them to the correct size for batons, and taught these little girls to twirl. Cristina had these girls baptized.

The Sanchez family had lots of children. Sister Sanchez was a capable woman who I called as Relief Society President, but with such a large family she didn't come consistently, so I had to call Bobbie to be the president. We did continue to visit Hermana Sanchez and her family frequently. Her father and mother lived with them. He, Victor Zabala, was a gaucho in his younger days. He joined the church. His wife, Aurora, was very heavy and hardly went anywhere and so was not baptized.

A choice member was Romilda Burgos. She was married to Jose who drove truck and received \$300 a month which was not enough to live on. They had two children, Juan and Natali, who were never under control. We visited Romilda weekly and gave her a lesson she had selected from Principios del Evangelio (Principles of the Gospel) the week before. She was genuinely interested.

Then there was the Sanchez family of Luis and Maria. They didn't like each other but stayed together for some reason. Their daughter, Francisca, could not keep quiet in church, but their grandson, Luicito, was a holy terror. He ran loose during all the meetings. He deserved the title I gave him of "Teremoto" which is "earthquake" in Spanish. However, during one sacrament meeting he was very quiet and drew no attention to himself. We were pleased with his deportment until it was time for the sacrament when we discovered that he had been sitting under the table and had eaten all of the sacrament bread. There are good people in Rojas and I always wished I could do something good for them, but the language barrier was always an obstacle. One person I will always remember is Hermana Nora Acosta. She was a person with unusual refinement and a spiritual leader to those around her. The family had accepted the

missionaries and had been baptized. The husband, Fabian was an enthusiastic fellow who had no steady job, but hunted and found work as often as he could. He was thrilled to be in the ward and asked very soon how he could become branch president. The impressive person though, was the wife. She was more cultured than other people she felt a strong spiritual attachment to us. When Bobbie broke her shoulder, it was Hermana Acosta who showed up very soon to take her to the clinic for an X-ray. This quiet, yet brilliant, lady was effective with the children and she displayed initiative, capabilities and mannerisms that were remarkable. Very unusual was the fact that while Fabian was trying to make a living for them, she built the home they were living in. It was Hermana Acosta who came to the bus station early in the morning to say good-bye to us as we left Rojas. She was really hurt by our leaving.

The bus took us to San Nicolas where we bought tickets for Zarate. The agent neglected to tell us that the bus did not go through Zarate, but that we had to leave the bus at a crossroads and catch another ride to Zarate. It was fortunate for us that other passengers exclaimed, "Zarate" as we passed the crossroads and we finally stopped the bus so we could get off. We had to walk back to the crossroads, over the overpass and down the crossroads for a quarter of a mile toward Zarate. We were traveling with two huge suitcases which made our walking much slower and difficult. Then after we arrived at the bus station and were met by the elders, we had to walk another mile to our apartment. This was our introduction to Zarate.

ZARATE

This was a larger town than Rojas or Salto. Our apartment was not too far from the chapel, which had been built by the church as a chapel, and quite close to a "super market". Two sister missionaries were in the same apartment. There was a kitchen with no cupboards or shelves, a living or eating space with a refrigerator, table and four chairs, and three bedrooms, one for the sisters, one for us and another bedroom where we could hang some clothes and store our bicycles. The apartment was on the second floor so carrying the bikes up and down several times a day was an undesirable task. Next door to us was the wonderful Chayle family and I'll have more to say about them later. I neglected to mention that the apartment also had a bathroom with a shower that was temperamental. The water in the kitchen had to be turned on to get hot water in the bathroom.

Because there were no shelves nor a cupboard in the kitchen we needed some place to put the pots, pans and dishes, so I went to the "super market" and picked up some larger pasteboard boxes which I turned sideways and stacked on top of each other and we had shelves. They were not substantial so toward the end of our stay they became quite shaky.

Our mission president, Anthony I. Bentley, was the son of the Bentleys I had known for years in Provo. His mother, Ella, had been a colleague in the Music Department at BYU. President Bentley, knowing of my music background, sent us to Zarate to see what we might be able to do musically. We were also to work in Compana a town only about nine miles away. Four days were to be spent in Zarate and three days in

Compana. Upon our arrival we announced that we would be giving piano lessons in the chapels. What an opportunity. Twenty-one students signed immediately. After the first lesson the number dwindled to seven. I think this was because they discovered that it would take more than one lesson. Later, all but two or three dropped out. The pianos in both chapels were derelicts.

There were two branches in Zarate. President Sanchez was president of one and President Alteno president of the other. The district president was President Tahara who had come to Argentina many years before from Japan. He had joined the church and was given responsibilities. I didn't think he was effective. I had the distinct feeling that in his meetings with branch presidents and district officers he instructed them to keep the Americans out of the leadership. We would only foul the operation because we didn't know how they did things in Argentina. This must have been the reason we were prevented from doing many important things.

At one of our mission meetings Pres. Bentley announced that Apostle Joseph Wirthlin was coming to Buenos Aires to attend a stake conference and that he had agreed to hold a meeting with the missionaries in our mission. Everyone was excited and he gave me an assignment to prepare and direct a special choir for the occasion. There were many good singers among the missionaries, both men and women, and the elders in the office said they would notify them and schedule an hour practice before the meeting. I wondered what hymns or anthems we could put in shape in that length of time. Two numbers came to mind and I felt they would be appropriate and inspiring. BATTLEHYMN OF THE REPUBLIC is a forceful number and I thought it would be even more so doing it in a way similar to the way the Tabernacle Choir does it. I arranged a "bootleg" accompaniment and practiced to play it in the performance, but then, we had no director. But we did have one. Bobbie had demonstrated her directing ability in the ward choir in Provo before we left. She conducted our half-hour rehearsal and directed a great performance. When I first suggested that she direct she cried and said she could not do it, but agreed to try. As the rehearsal began she lost all inhibitions and made a real hit with the chorus. Another hymn was HOW GREAT THOU ART. After the meeting we were invited to have dinner at the mission home with Elder and Sister Wirthlin, President and Sister Mickleson, and President and Sister Bentley. The affair was an inspiring experience.

We were in the homes of the branch presidents frequently and certainly enjoyed their hospitality. We worked with their children teaching them to play the piano and made wonderful friendships with them. There were many referrals of people who at some earlier time had some connection with the church, but we had very little success in restoring them to activity. Our best approach was to make an appointment with them for a family home evening. We always took tricks, puzzles, games and interaction activities that were used to bring a warm spirit to the meeting. The fathers usually exhibited an aloof, "macho" feeling that was not conducive to a friendly relationship. In trying to combat this indifference, we would ask all persons in the room to say something nice about the head of the house and why they loved him. As statements were made around the circle, there were smiles and tears and warmer feelings. When at last it became the father's turn, we asked him how he felt about himself. He was always primed and spoke

about his favorite subject for a considerable time. We were then ready for the home evening.

We were guests frequently in the home of the Macchis. There was Horacio, the father, who said that I was sent to Zarate for the purpose of reactivating him. Graciela was the mama. She had a nice voice and liked me because I was giving her voice lessons. Her problem was her self confidence. She performed well. Cintia, Maria Fernanda and Brenda also studied piano and voice with me. Maria Eugenia was eight years old and was really my buddy because I taught her a rope trick and she did it well. Ivan was the youngest and the only boy. Horacio owned a pizza parlor and his girls served as waitresses. We loved his pizzas and he would never let us pay for them. He also owned a car and it was he who drove us and our heavy luggage to the bus station as we left Zarate to come home.

Our very best friends were the Chayles who lived across the hall from us. Nicolas familiar with American music of the past and enjoyed it when we played and sang the old ballads. He knew many of them. He especially enjoyed playing "Nerts" and being my partner as we beat Bobbie and his wife, even if he had to cheat to do it. Ramona, his wife, was a wonderful person. She owned a nice piano and studied regularly to practice the assignments I gave her. Every Friday at noon she invited and fed dinner to all the missionaries in Zarate. Their children were Nadia Sabrina, Moira Eliana and Jonaton Eldon. When the lights in the complex blew out, Nicolas taught me to improvise a fuse so we could have lights. He said that after we returned home, he and Eldon were coming to visit us, but they never did.

About a block from our apartment was a libreria, a bookstore, that was owned by Robert Reyes. He knew a great deal about the United States and especially knew about the building of the railroad across the country and the joining of the project at Promontory Point. He was a good friend and called me "Mr. Rendol" and I called him "Mr. Robert." He hauled me all over town one day to help me get a map of the city so I could locate our church members with colored pins. He also bought our electric keyboard as we left to come home.

President Bentley and his wife, Wendy, drove us and the other departing missionaries to the airport after we attended a session in the Buenos Aires Temple. It was the second time Bobbie and I had been there and we were grateful for the kind attention given us by the temple president. President Bentley had forgotten the tickets so he called for the elders in the office to bring them. Time was getting short so we were getting nervous for the tickets to arrive. Two sisters for whom we have great affection came from Zarate to see us off. Norma Bogarin and Marta Moren came to the terminal to see us off. Marta mentioned my Russian hat that I had worn throughout the mission so I gave it to her.

As we boarded the huge airplane for our trip home this special experience of our lives came to and end. We had been far away from home and our loved ones. We had been surrounded by strange customs, foods, living conditions, attitudes, ways of travel and maybe most of all an unfamiliar language. I had recognized that my daily efforts with people were really not so different having been a school teacher and church worker all my life, but there were some feelings, attitudes and impressions that have stayed with me. I

know the Lord protected, guided and inspired me to many things above my ability, but as a missionary I had a nearly constant feeling of inadequacy and futility. It was a deep, underlying ache that returns to me once in a while today.

Another satisfying impression I have concerns the young missionaries with whom we worked. Some of those fellows, being placed in important positions of responsibility, exhibited such maturity, leadership, wisdom and dedication as can be found among the brethren in the wards and stakes here at home. Along with these men I must mention Hermana Holly Joanna Scott (now Tippetts) whose home was in Salt Lake City and still is.

She was one of the sisters who lived in the apartment with us in Zarate. She was with us nearly all the time we were there. While there she was given two companions who were natives, but she was the senior companion. Talk about dedication. These sisters obeyed the mission rules and worked with remarkable strength and stamina. Through terribly hot summers and cold winters they were out on the town, in meetings, doing service for the church. I admire these super individuals and will never forget them.

The overnight flight put us in Miami, then a short flight to Atlanta, and then on to Salt Lake City where we were met by our entire family at the airport. There simply are not words that can describe the ecstasy we felt as we hugged and greeted each precious person. For the first time we saw little Sarah, John's and Jenny's baby who was born while we were away.

24. HOME AGAIN

Coming home was certainly a peak experience. Every member of our family is important to us and it was wonderful to be much closer to them. We had rented part of our home to Greg and Ruth Spell and she had kept the house in immaculate condition. The yard however was a different situation. It was plain that my work was cut out for me with weeds, grass, unkempt lawns, etc. I apparently enjoy that kind of work because over a long period of time, the lawns were put back in shape, the small hill, part of the ground purchased from the Molyneauxs, was dug away and the back yard terraced to two levels. This seemed to be better than sloping the dirt, but the back yard is a large area and I don't know what to do with it.

After being home for about two months we traveled in our newly purchased Toyota Corolla to McCall to see the Lamm family. We found Rick on the high council, Melodie teaching the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School, Amie and Lisa in school, and the boys active in sports, studies, music and church. McKenzie considers himself one of the boys and to be included in all that goes on. Rick has a sailboat and sails it like an old salt. It is fun to be with that family.

We finally were invited to report our mission to the high council and on the same day we returned to the stake office where President Horton called me to serve on the stake high council. I replaced my good friend Jarolde Harris who with his wife, Colleen, had been called on a mission. This was a fine experiences I worked on the Melchizedek Priesthood Committee, Stake Music, Sunday School advisor, Chairman of the Activities

Committee, Family History Committee and Representative to the Cove Point Branch. I was assigned to speak nearly every month in different wards and Bobbie, as a returned missionary, was my speaking companion.

Several times we drove to Boulder, Utah to visit John, Jenny and family. They love the farm life, but many of their living conditions are unsatisfactory.

Upon invitation from Gigi Spurlock, whom we had known from our days in Holbrook, we went to Holbrook to conduct a choral directing clinic. We made the most of the trip going first to Ramah, New Mexico, to visit Mark, Julie and family, to Holbrook for the workshop, then to Payson, AZ where we went to church and had lunch with Gail and Evan Peterson and visited with Buck Standifird and wife. Buck had been in the bee business and still had one hive at his home. He mentioned that several times bee stings had cured arthritis in different people. Bobbie had been having trouble with her knee and suspected that it was arthritis. Buck suggested that she try his cure. She agreed and he gave her two stings just to be sure. For a few days after her knee really hurt. But then the hurt left and she had no more arthritis. We stayed three days with Bug and Dixie, both of whom were suffering with cancer. We started for home going the Needles route around by Quartsite to visit with Gracie O'Connor over night. Then to Henderson, Nevada and lunch with Vernae and Dan Walker, Overton over night with Donna and Ken, St. George for a short visit with Ivan and Glenna Sanderson, and home. This was a trip quite different from any we had taken.

Terrill Gibbons, Jack's daughter, invited us to come to the south rim of the Grand Canyon where she works as a ranger, to attend her wedding to Tom Pettit. It was a nice affair and Tom had arranged for us to stay over night in super luxurious hotel. Donna and Ken were there from Overton. Donna was hurting quite badly from what she thought was a sciatic nerve problem. This pain and discomfort continued and increased until they found it was bone cancer. After too many months of suffering, Donna passed away on September 13th, 1994. This was a great loss for me because although we didn't communicate often I depended on her for genuine emotional support. This leaves only Armitta, Leona and me.

Only last Saturday, September 2, Leona called from Sacramento to tell me that they had gone to San Diego a few days before to visit with Armitta who was in the hospital not recovering well from a broken hip. She said that they had arrived only three hours after Armitta had passed away. Armitta had been a loner and had kept the family away for many years. In phone calls many of the family had asked to come to visit with her, but except for Leona and Bill, and Sybil and Carl Howard no one was able to see her. Her will gave instructions that there was to be no funeral and that her body was to be cremated soon after death.

Cancer has taken quite a toll in the last while. Donna passed away from it and then about four months later, Bug called to say that Dixie was in pretty bad shape and that Bobbie should come. Dixie lasted only a few days, but Bobbie was able to get there in time to talk with her. My life-long friend, Calvin Greer, had been treating cancer for a year or so and we had spent some time trying to help and comfort him and Virginia. Only a few more months went by until Cal died and then Virginia only a little time later.

Soon after we returned from Argentina, a sore on Bobbie's head was diagnosed as cancer. She immediately started looking for something to do. She found a book titled A CURE FOR ALL CANCERS. Following the instructions carefully, she focused her attention on this problem. The next time she went to her doctor he said there was no trace of cancer in her blood test. She has faithfully carried on a maintenance program since then and has apparently beat the disease. She told Bug about what she had done and he went onto the same program and he has had the same results.

A few months ago Jim and JD were working at the same company downtown. One day Jim called to say that JD was sick that day and asked if I would like to take his place. I did and spent that day cutting metal into various lengths and shapes for a welder. At the end of the day they asked me to return and this went on for a week. After a few days they put me on permanently and I continued to work until I found that it was too much for me. My seventy-four years would not stand up under the heavy lifting. I must say, though, that I enjoyed that experience tremendously and was disappointed in having to stop.

I have now written things that I now remember as having significance up to the present time. At this moment I find myself with a huge yard, part of it in lawn which I manage to keep mowed and trimmed and part of it a dry, brown space that looks terrible and needs to have some kind of improvement. But, my water pump has burned out and without water, imagination, desire and energy, I am completely at a loss as to what to do. I think I will be able to finish this autobiography with a few more memories and a description of some philosophies that are basic to my way of thinking.

25. MORE MEMORIES

I guess that what we are today is a result of what our past experiences have meant to us. Through my life there have been memories that have stayed with me. I don't know if this means they are significant to whatever I have become, but they might have some value as a part of my story. Some of these happenings I remember quite clearly. Others I think I only remember having remembered them in times past.

One time soon after Jack was born, we were in Salt Lake City and were on Temple Square. We were on a side walk and a tall man with whiskers approached us and stopped to talk with my parents. The respect Mom and Dad had for this man was evident in their conversation. In a moment Dad said to me, "Rendol, I want you to know that this is President Heber J. Grant," and President Grant shook hands with me. My folks knew that this man was a prophet.

While in high school I was called to be the Sunday School chorister. Knowing what I know now, I didn't do much directing, but with great confidence waved my arms in time to the music. I suspect that I took more liberties with the congregation than I should have.

As a college student I developed a valuable close relation with Robert Lee Kenner, director of the LDS Institute and branch president. His classes were inspirational and he

was a wonderful source of support. One day he asked Phil Gardner and me to be the speakers at a funeral. A woman not of the ward nor of the church had died and her family asked Brother Kenner to hold a funeral service for her. We asked what we should speak about and he said to preach gospel sermons. That is what we did and he was pleased.

About this time when I was home from school I was called in to be interviewed and made an elder. I wish my dad had done it, but I was ordained by President Levi S. Udall who was the stake president. Soon I was elected president of the men's chapter of Lambda Delta Sigma, the church college fraternity. In this capacity I helped plan and direct the social and religious activities of the group which included both men and women.

The war gave me an intense desire to participate and I made great effort to join the Army Air Corps as a cadet. Being in the service provided me with constant opportunities to be a leader and teacher to those around me. Had I used my priesthood as I knew how, the war years would have been quite different. Without thinking I allowed myself to drift into inactivity and indifference. There was a much too rapid deterioration in my self-esteem. This I didn't need and wish I could do it over again.

There were great peak experiences that happened in spite of myself. How else could you describe getting married and living with a new wife for two months in Florida? Then traveling by train across the US and by ship from Los Angeles to Bombay, India was not a common occurrence. Panaghar, Ramghar, Caltutta, Cox's Bazaar, Burma Road, the Hump, these are far-away places with strange sounding names, but I was there and know they are real. Although these are briefly mentioned, each represents a set of live experiences, some of which the memory I can do without.

After the war, driving truck onto the Indian reservation was something to which I was not well suited. Going back to finish my education was a good idea. That year was packed with wonderful experiences as is evident by my receiving the outstanding student service award upon graduation. Being the manager and student director of both Alfie Anderson's Lumberjack Band and Eldon Ardrey's Shrine of the Ages Choir with both organizations taking tours, would indicate many valuable and wonderful activities.

While attending school, still not as active in the church as we should have been. Our very good friend, Frank Randall, convinced us that it was time for us to start taking care of some very important family responsibilities. We felt his spirit and started doing something about it by being sealed in the Arizona Temple on November 29, 1946.

My first teaching job was in St. Johns, my home town. It was fun having my own band and choir and directing plays. The talented students made it even more fun. The names that come quickly to mind are Donna Gibbons, Christine Anderson, Esther Farr, LaVelta Heap (These are maiden names), boys were Earl Patterson, Dale Richey, and Kenneth Holcomb.

A most unusual, meaningful event happened at this time with the birth of Stan on Halloween of 1947. This little fellow was a beautiful child and it was a great blessing to have had him with us for three and a half years. I was truly overwhelmed by that experience and the forty-five years he has been gone have not diminished my love, relation to and admiration for him.

Holbrook is special because it is where our next three children were born - Melodie in 1950, Bill in 1951 and Jim in 1954. I am amazed how each child as they are

born and are a person became such a part of me as I am part of myself. It is not a relationship, it is actually being. I am glad with them, I hurt with them and I feel with them as I do with my own thoughts and feelings.

Other Holbrook happenings have had an enduring effect on my thinking and feeling even now. The Holbrook High School All-Girl Drum and Bugle Corps stands out because of the excellence it achieved. The continuing feelings of self-esteem, unity and valuing each other are of far greater importance than the saddle they won as the grand sweepstakes award in Tucson.

I was soon called as the ward choir director and the names that come quickly to my mind are Lila Standifird, Beth DeSpain and Viva Hulet. We prepared and presented a difficult choral work, The Seven Last Words of Christ by Dubois, for the ward and community and then took it to St. Johns as a special program for them.

Here I was called to be the Sunday School Superintendent and the only important thing I remember doing is calling Farrell Lewis as a counselor. I was confused and frustrated not knowing what to do or how to do it.

Bigger things came quickly because Phil Gardner, a counselor in the bishopric had to be released and Bishop Edgar Turley asked me to replace him. Frank Gardner was his first counselor. It was a thrill for me to be ordained a High Priest and set apart as second counselor by Matthew Cowley, Apostle to the Polynesians, who was truly a man of miracles. In this position I attended many meetings, a good number of them in Snowflake, the stake center.

Our tragic car accident happened while we were living in Holbrook and as one might suppose, it was probably the most tragic, devastating experience we have had or will ever have. Losing a wonderful mother and a precious son at once had a crushing effect then that has not abated very much in the years that have followed. The emotional impact of the incident is not difficult to believe, but my psychological reaction as it happened is something I cannot comprehend. Although I was driving I remember nothing of the circumstances that caused the wreck to happen. And though I have been told that I was walking around apparently fully conscious of the whole scene, I remember not one thing. My first recollection is of regaining consciousness in the Winslow hospital and hearing Helen Gibbons Sullivan tell me that Mom and Stan had been killed and that the man driving the other car had asked her to tell me that the wreck was not my fault. I am so grateful that my mind shut those experiences and scenes from my mind completely or I might not have been able to handle it.

Because of the accident I was granted an extension of the time required to finish my thesis and in 1954 having finished I went back to Arizona State College to take my Master's Oral Exam. Naturally I expected the exam to be a traumatic affair, but it did not happen that way. The questions were in my area of expertise and I had very little trouble fielding them. After the exam, President Lawrence Walkup, president of the college and a member of my examining committee, told that he had never participated in a finer oral examination.

Sometime in the early 50s an examining team came to determine if the Holbrook schools should be re-accredited. The school had lost accreditation years earlier because of a nasty squabble in the community over the schools. One of their duties was to determine

if the teaching was up to standard. One of the members of the team was Dr. Virgil Gillenwater, a good friend from the college at Flagstaff. Very luckily, he was assigned to investigate my work. Again luckily, he came to my room the last period of the day which was the all-girl drum and bugle corps was in class. He came a little early and we chatted and when the bell rang, here came the girls. They were excited and noisy, but it didn't take much to calm them down. I explained that Dr. Gillenwater was there to ask me some questions so they were to divide into their groups and drill the routines we were learning. Well, they did just that with real intensity. Dr. Gillenwater was amazed as he watched those girls use that hour most effectively. I did nothing but approve their diligence. He was extremely pleased and gave me his highest rating. He said he had never seen anything better.

Bishop Archie Jones called me to be the chairman of genealogy in Chandler. I proved to be a slothful servant because not once did I go to the temple which was as close as Mesa. In the high school I had a good band and a great A Cappella Choir. We gave several concerts in the valley. I remember best how they did my arrangement of Stranger in Paradise. I also wrote the words and music for a hymn-like Alma mater which I have heard they are still using.

All hail to thee old Chandler High, our love for you is true.
We'll guard with might thy honor bright and bear thy white and blue.
We praise thy name and laud thy fame in all things that we do.
Thy loyal sons and daughters sing, "All hail, all hail to you."

On Saturdays I taught music lessons for Hank Milano in his music store in Mesa, sometimes as many as twenty in a day. Saturday nights I played with Walt and Pernie Johnson for dances in the Mezona. Just before leaving Chandler we bought a twenty foot boat powered by two fifty H.P. Johnson motors which we took with us on our next two moves.

My memorable experiences in Flagstaff are with the ward bishopric, Nello Rhoton, Harold Goodman, and Melvin Peterson and our relationship with the Goodman and Peterson families. Especially bright is the memory of the three families camping in Oak Creek Canyon where during the night we were invaded by skunks. Also I think of playing with a combo in a night club out at Lake Mary. One night I arrived to work, but none of the others in the combo showed and after a considerable length of time I started to leave, but the proprietor insisted that I stay and play. I stayed and spent the remainder of the evening playing chords on the piano with my left hand and melodies of the tunes on my trumpet fingering with my right hand.

An incident that happened in Needles comes readily to my mind. Soon after we moved there I was called to be the ward clerk. This was an enjoyable position and somewhat different because I was not responsible for anyone but myself. This was before a bishop could call clerks for all tasks, such as membership clerk, financial clerk, statistical, clerk, etc. With our small ward, as the only clerk, these responsibilities did not seem to be an overwhelming burden.

One day I felt terrible and by evening I was really suffering. I asked for a priesthood blessing and Bishop Owen Tobler and Charles Trotter came to administer to me. This experience was remarkable because I was healed immediately and felt no further effects of the illness.

Bishop Tobler was frequently out of town so the stake presidency felt that he should be replaced. President James I. Gibson told me later that selecting the replacement had given him an unusual spiritual experience. I have since wondered why his choice of me might have been impressive, but he never told me. I have heard that some ward members were unhappy about my calling because there were other men in the ward who had much more seniority (more "whiskers" in railroad talk). Elder Henry D. Taylor of the first quorum of seventy ordained me bishop of the Needles Ward. Four years later I was set apart as the bishop of the BYU Forty-Sixth ward by Marion D. Hanks. Once ordained a bishop a man holds that title and authority, but not a specific calling until he receives one after being released from the previous one.

One morning while directing my first-period band class an uncomfortable sick feeling came over me. I finished the period and called Bobbie who called Dr. Glen Harward who told her to bring me in as soon as possible. At his office he gave me an "EKG" and after we had returned home he called to say that I had suffered a serious heart attack and that I should be put to bed immediately. After a while he called again to say that I would probably need to be bedfast for several months for I was a pretty sick man. The ward members rallied and within hours there was a hospital bed in my room, a color television, and numerous pledges to see that I would receive all the care I could possibly need. I have a difficult time receiving help and special attention from anyone so I had great discomfort with what was going on.

The following Sunday was our scheduled ward conference and the stake presidency came from Henderson to preside at the meetings. Because the bishop was missing the presidency came to my home when the meetings were over. They were advised of the doctor's instructions and President Gibson asked me if I felt that I should be released. I told him that I had no impressions of what I should do. He answered saying, "Well, let's find out." The presidency administered to me and told me in the blessing to get well, that I was needed badly and then he blessed me with the health and strength I would need to carry on. On the following Wednesday I returned and continued my work from then on with very little interruption since because of health.

Some weeks later President Gibson insisted that I visit a noted heart specialist in Las Vegas to determine if my continuing as bishop was wise. After examining me this doctor said that if I had had a heart attack, there was no evidence of it he could find. In 1987 the doctors at Utah University Hospital decided to reinforce my heart with a pacemaker but subsequent examinations have shown that my heart is doing well by itself.

Being bishop of the BYU Forty-sixth Ward was truly an inspiring experience. The young men and women lived in the three top floors of two of the high-rise buildings near campus. They were eager and full of life except on Sunday mornings when the "boys" chose to sleep instead of attending nine o'clock priesthood meetings. My counselors were chosen for me. First counselor was Don Poole who had recently retired as a colonel from

the Air Force, and second counselor was a brilliant young graduate student, Brent Probst. Not long after we were organized Don Poole suggested that we become known as the "Fighting Forty-Sixth" not to fight with you, but for you. It soon became apparent that if we were to be a fighting organization, we would certainly need a fight song. The bishopric soon gave these words to a rousing melody I had written.

We are the members of the Fighting Forty-Sixth,
Brothers and sisters of the Fighting-Forty-Sixth.
We're for each other, one for another.
We'll show the whole world we will fight for right, so
Come one and all and see the finest ward in town,
We'll turn the whole world upside down,
So to make ourselves rich we will stay in the niche,
For we would rather fight than switch.

This song really caught hold and became a loved and hated song as it was sung by the ward members after winning song fests, road shows and other kinds of competition. Their truly winning ways came as they achieved many wonderful things under the leadership of Bishop Gordon Lowe after I was released to work on my doctorate. These lively students put on their own homecoming with parade, football game and reunion meetings. During the time when the church was asking for family group sheets to further the genealogical effort, this ward led the church in this activity.

I must mention one ward meeting we held. It was the night for emphasizing standards which certainly was important and significant in the lives of our young people. In all our meetings we tried to maintain a serious, spiritual feeling, but tried not lose completely a sense of humor. So, for this standards night, the bishopric sang, "Cigareets and whuskey and wild, wild women." This act made such an impression that we were asked to give a "command performance" for a stake social a short time later. This performance was recollected only two weeks ago by a person who attended that party thirty-one years ago.

In 1971 began a long period of peak experiences that came so regularly and frequently I can hardly separate them. I was called to the General Board of the Sunday School and given the assignment to head the Junior Sunday School Music Committee. With committee members, Joyce Brown and Marian Flandro, I wrote lessons for the monthly leadership meetings that were then held throughout the church. On Tuesday evenings we would hold general board meetings then separate for committee meetings. There was a large music committee then that included Harold Goodman, chairman, John Halliday, Ralph Woodward, John Longhurst and the two ladies. Other notable persons with whom I associated weekly were Hugh Baird, Terrel H. Bell, Joe Christensen, Homer Durham, Rolfe Kerr, Ben Lewis, Truman Madsen, Anne Osborn, Fred Schwendiman, Scott Whitaker and, of course, Russell M. Nelson, Joseph B. Wirthlin and Rick Warner. As you can imagine, at every meeting I would look at the people seated in the room and ask myself, "What in the world am I doing here?"

Board meetings were constantly inspiring with instructions from the presidency, talks by general authorities (Bruce R. McConkie was especially memorable), general board socials arranged by Fred Schwendiman, a Christmas party with President Harold B. Lee (He died two weeks later.), The eightieth birthday party for President Spencer W. Kimball, and numerous assignments to travel to regional meetings to great places in the U.S. and even to Brazil. One memorable trip I made by myself was to San Antonio, Texas where Vaughn Featherstone, president of the area, made my visit pleasant and effective. My traveling companion at another time was the CEO of a linen towel company who when we would go into a rest room would say, "I certainly would not dry my hands with one of those hot air machines that blows all that dirty air at you. I would much rather use a clean linen towel."

It certainly was no surprise later when President Nelson and Councilor Wirthlin were called to be apostles. Both are magnificent men and my past experience with them is highly treasured. We enjoyed another great experience with Apostle and Sister Wirthlin while we were on our mission in Argentina. Our board was released when Sunday School became only one hour in the ward meeting block. When the release came I was waiting to fill an assignment to go to the Mendoza mission in Argentina.

I can describe this event as a peak, peak experience. It happened on August 12, 1994 which was the fiftieth anniversary of our wedding. The entire family came for the occasion and Bugs' family came for part of the fun. One afternoon we spent at Seven Peaks where nearly everyone had a glorious time in the water. As part of the party we had a family picture taken and our kids treated us to an unbelievable celebration to end all celebrations. The feature that really made it a grand occasion was the presence of that which is most precious in our lives, our complete family, except for Stan Alan, who I am sure was there in spirit.

An important element in my life is the feeling of gratitude that I have when I realize and acknowledge the great impact that one person has had on my life. I have mentioned the wonderful experiences I have had and among the best have been my teaching for twenty years at Brigham Young University, my studying for a Ph.D., my serving as bishop of the BYU 46th ward and my callings to the General Board of the Sunday School and its Executive Committee. These opportunities did not come because of some outstanding achievement by me, but by the awareness of and the faith in me held by a great friend, Harold Goodman. We have known each other since our high school days and I am so grateful that this friendship has brought such richness into my life and the lives of my family.

26. WHO, WHAT, WHY AM I?

Who am I? What am I? Why am I?

I suspect many, if not all, persons ask these questions. Here we are, but who are we, what are we and why are we? Where did we come from? What are we doing here? Where are we going and why are we going there? It is no wonder why these kinds of questions are baffling to many, they do not know where to find the answers. The gospel of Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost have revealed to me answers that give understanding, reason, and purpose to every day of my life. Searching for the most basic truths of existence have enabled me to see the gospel as a structure which gives meaning to the statement that all truth may be encompassed in one great whole. It is amazing how all truths seem to fit into each other.

From what each of us have encountered since we were born, innocent and unknowing, into this mortal world, we have learned enough from experience to survive and to manage conditions and situations to make life worthwhile. Constantly interacting with mortal things and with mortality we have learned to live with a mortal orientation. This perspective allows us to meet the needs, the problems and the expectations of this phase of existence. This would certainly be sufficient if this life were the full extent of our being. BUT IT IS NOT!

OUR SPIRITUAL NATURES AND THE PLAN OF ETERNAL PROGRESSION

Even here and now we can feel the power, influence and even the inspiration from a source more perfect and elevating than our earthly mentalities. This is not surprising when we realize that our spirits existed before they entered these physical bodies and even before our intelligences entered the spirit bodies provided by our Heavenly Father. In fact, we are reminded of our eternal natures when Christ said, "And now, verily I say unto you, I was in the beginning with the Father and am the Firstborn. Ye were also in the beginning with the Father." (D&C 93:21, 23) "Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element, inseparably connected, receive a fullness of joy." (D&C 93:29, 33) Also Alma said, "The soul could never die." (Alma 42:9)

These statements give meaningful truth to the saying, "Man is not a mortal being having occasional spiritual experiences, he is a spiritual being having a mortal experience." I believe that in reality we now are engaged in an extremely time consuming development project known as eternal progression, that we began (began isn't really the word because there was no beginning) as the simplest forms of intelligences and if we remain faithful we can continue until we attain the perfected attributes of exaltation. For some wonderful reason we find that we have been selected and brought along that progression to this level known as the second estate. What a blessing that we were valiant in our first estate and

were allowed to move forward. Satan and his followers rebelled, kept not their first estate and were denied the boon of mortality.

What is the process that moves us forward in this progression? It must be the learning, accepting and obeying of all eternal principles and laws with ever-increasing exactness, refinement and purity. We are told, "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated.... And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." (D&C 130:20-21) It is not simple to deal with such abstract entities as our thoughts, feelings, reactions and responses with our ever-present agency that allows us to go forward, learn, accept and mature or to forget, neglect, rebel, refuse, etc. Eternal laws and principles of which we are constantly reminded as we read the scriptures and attend meetings are obedience, sacrifice, chastity, consecration, baptism, priesthood, new and everlasting covenant, charity, compassion and these are not all.

President Lorenzo Snow declared that, "As man is, God once was," and from this I assume that God mastered and was obedient to all the laws and principles leading to exaltation and "as God is, man may become." means that our Heavenly Father, having become God Omnipotent and Omniscient is still subject to the same rules that made Him what He is. I offer this scripture as evidence of God's relationship to eternal and universal laws, in this case the laws of mercy and justice. "And if there was no law given, if men sinned what could justice do, or mercy either, for they would have no claim upon the creature? But there is a law given, and a punishment affixed, and a repentance granted; which repentance, mercy claimeth; otherwise justice claimeth the creature and executeth the law, and the law inflicteth the punishment; if not so, the works of justice would be destroyed, AND GOD WOULD CEASE TO BE GOD."

This scripture above describes the interaction of mercy and justice and gives explanation for the circumstances surrounding the occurrence of the second estate. Three purposes of the second estate are to receive a mortal body, to learn through experience the difference between good and evil and to be tested as we live away from God's presence. Being removed from the blessing of God's presence is a punishment which according to justice cannot be inflicted without cause. The cause occurred when, in keeping with the plan, Adam and Eve, our representatives, chose to eat the forbidden fruit and transgress the law bringing mortality into the experience of all of us. "And thus we see that all mankind were fallen, and they were in the grasp of justice; yea, the justice of God, which consigned them forever to be cut off from his presence. And now, the plan if mercy could not be brought about except an atonement should be made; therefore God himself atoneth for the sins of the world, to bring about the plan of mercy, to appease the demands of justice, that God might be a perfect, just God, and a merciful God also." (Alma 42:14-15) And as we have been told, mercy claims repentance and repentance is our personal obligation. But, in spite of our efforts, we must remember this. "For we labor diligently to write, to persuade our children, and also our brethren, to believe in Christ, and to be reconciled to God; for we know that it is by the grace (of Christ) that we are saved, after all we can do." (2 Nephi 25:23) But we must do all we can do. The terrible sacrifice suffered by Christ was not an optional situation. An infinite atonement had to be made so

mercy and repentance could be available to us and only God himself, no one less, could make it. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall be made alive." (1 Cor 15:22)

The Pearl of Great Price tells us of this part of the plan that happened when we were spirits. "And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them; And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever. (Abr. 3: 24-26)

And why was the purpose to prove them to see if they will do all things whatsoever they are commanded to do? I believe it was and is to determine which individuals have enough strength, intelligence, stability and wisdom to be given great authority and responsibilities in the eternal procedure of progression. There are innumerable intelligences waiting for the opportunity to advance. Remember the hosts of heaven shouted for joy when the opportunity for mortality was announced for they knew it was another step of development for them. To become more like Heavenly Father was something everyone wanted. Probably everyone was aware that coming to earth would mean leaving Heavenly Father's presence and there without his presence we might choose to succeed or to fail. The privilege, even the responsibility, of deciding was given us. A war was fought in heaven for the agency to decide, for without agency this earth life could not be a true test. I believe the plan is for each individual to have the opportunity to work to perfection by his faithfulness and that innumerable intelligences are waiting and hoping for the great blessing of moving ahead in their eternal progression. Because of the incomprehensible immensity of the task, considering the infinity of time, space and of work yet to be done, Gods or Heavenly Fathers are needed to carry out the plans. The ultimate purpose of eternal progression is to produce them. Our Heavenly Father has referred to this purpose when he said, "For behold, this is my work and my glory -- to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." (Moses 1:39) This statement gives reason to all we know about our existence.

OUR PROBLEM

What kind of problem does Heavenly Father face as He brings to pass immortality and eternal life for me as well as for his other children? In reality, although He is deeply concerned, the problem is not His, but it is ours as we try to meet the trials of this life. After all, it is we, not Him, who individually and personally, will enjoy or suffer the consequences of our decisions and actions. As part of the plan, Satan was allowed to tempt us and to try to lead us astray. So from the beginning, the evil one came among the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve saying, "I am also a son of God; and he commanded them, saying: Believe it not; and they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual and devilish." (Moses 5:13) King Benjamin said, "The natural man is an enemy to God, and has been from the fall of

Adam, and will be, forever and ever, unless he yields to the enticings of the Holy Spirit, and putteth off the natural man and becometh a saint through the atonement of Christ the Lord, and becometh as a child...." (Mosiah 3:19) Perhaps through time, in order to survive, we have learned to be self-centered, selfish, full of pride, sensuous, lustful, lazy, etc. Undoubtedly, all of us have felt some of these kinds of feelings. Are we basically evil? Probably not. We are conditioned trying to survive while competing with others like ourselves. Our task is to overcome all of these weaknesses and avoid the misery and unhappiness they bring.

FIRST AND SECOND GREAT COMMANDMENTS

"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Matt 22:37-39) This brings to my mind the title of a song that was popular some years ago--"What is this thing called love?"

I think I know the feeling of being in love or of loving someone, but how does one love with all one's heart, soul and mind? What would be the feeling of loving that way? Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." (John 14:15) "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." (John 13:34) The concept of charity may help give the answer. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, if ye have not charity, ye are nothing, for charity never faileth.

Wherefore, cleave unto charity, which is the greatest of all, for all things must fail-- But charity is the pure love of Christ, and it endureth forever; and whoso is found possessed of it at the last day, it shall be well with him." (Moro 7:46-47) How does one learn to love with such intensity? Am I capable of developing such a capacity?

Three other terms that give me the same concern are worship, praise and faith. They are closely related to the commandment of love, but how does one express them genuinely not having to use only words, which are only ambiguous symbols. Surely there must be some kind of feeling that would give a satisfaction of having reached our Heavenly Father through love, worship, praise and faith.

There are times I have felt that maybe I have approached this feeling when I have made special efforts to keep the commandments and also when I have performed a genuine service for someone. This brings to mind the teaching of King Benjamin.

"...when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God."

I know that when I give some service to someone it seems to make them feel good toward me and they feel loved. Then, it makes sense that when I serve my fellow men it makes Heavenly Father feel good and loved by me. From what the scriptures say about service it is a most effective way of pleasing God. Through the quality of our service and the genuineness of our intentions and feelings we love, worship, praise our God and demonstrate our faith in Him. "Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day." (D&C 4: 2) ".... but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." (Mark 10:43-44)

As we contemplate, as well as we can, the enormous task of learning that lies before us, we might give priority to principles that influence the quality, quantity, effectiveness and accuracy of our learning. Immediately comes to mind the words spoken by Christ before he showed himself to the people of Nephi on this continent. Rejecting burnt offerings as a continuing form of sacrifice, he said, "And ye shall offer for a sacrifice unto me a broken heart and a contrite spirit" What more than these feelings of extreme humility could make a person more teachable? And another emotion seemingly powerful in the same manner is that of gratitude. It has been said that gratitude is the mother of many virtues. Developing these sensitivities would certainly remove those traits that get in the way of learning, such as, pride, self-centeredness, conceit, egoism, selfish, etc.

Maintaining these humble feelings could help us observe the warning given us by King Benjamin. "And finally, I cannot tell you all the things whereby ye may commit sin; for there are divers ways and means, even so many that I cannot number them. But this much I can tell you, that if ye do not watch yourselves, and your thoughts, and your words, and your deeds, and observe the commandments of God, and continue in the faith even unto the end of your lives, ye must perish" (Mosiah 4:29-30).

We are a covenant people and one of the first covenants we take is to obey the law of obedience. Not obedience to every command, order or request we are given by just any person, but obedience to the laws and commandments that are eternal and that govern life, the earth, the universe and even the righteous principles we can obey to make our feelings, thoughts and actions contribute to our well-being and our progress. To our great advantage would be to learn, know and obey what is real and true, and to make every effort an achievement toward the goal of excellence which is our potential. To disobey is an act of rebellion and in reality is a sin.

In describing the conditions that we would encounter as we would live our lives in the second estate on this earth, the Lord said, "And if they should yield to temptation, we will give unto them the law of sacrifice and we will provide for them a savior." Then what is sacrifice that it plays such an important part when sin comes into our lives? Sacrifice is described as "the giving up of something of personal worth for the sake of something else." We are well aware of the inconceivable supreme sacrifice given by Jesus Christ in the atonement and of other great offerings that have been made. But, sacrifices of these dimensions and even those of much less magnitude are not required of us. However, the law of sacrifice is one that is indispensable. I submit that sacrifice, which is the giving up of something for the sake of something else, is absolutely necessary to obey the commandments. How could repentance possibly take place without sacrifice? Doing what one ought to do instead of what one would rather or prefer to do is a sacrifice regardless of how small the choice may be. The hymn says, "Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven." Believe it!! It's true.

President Spencer W. Kimball had a short motto he recommended to everyone. It was, "DO IT." Don't just know it or think about it or talk about it. "DO IT." His achievements attest to the power of this phrase. Its meaning is positive even when the idea is to not do something, because refraining, avoiding, desisting and stopping are all acts that require effort, even sacrifice.

It seems that when we have decided to do or not to do something we are faced with consideration of when to do or not to do it. This brings up a fact of life that is important to realize. We can't do it yesterday or even five minutes ago. Those times are past. We can learn from them, regret them, repent of them or think about them, but we can never use them, they are gone. Likewise, we can't do it tomorrow or even five minutes from now. These times never arrive, they are always in the future. We can plan for them, anticipate them and even get ready for them, but we can never use them, they never get here. The only time that is ours is this passing moment. Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock. Can you feel it going by? In actuality, this very moment is the only time we have to do whatever we want to do. Do we want to be happy? When? Tick, tock, tick, tock. Do we want to repent? When? Tick, tock. Do we want to learn? Do we want to change?

Each day of our lives situations arise that create a need to do something. As these conditions have arisen in my life, trying to meet them has given me a principle that has proved effective. This principle is the best way to know how to do something is to know exactly what you are trying to do. The more thoroughly you know what you are trying to do, the more clues you have to apply to its accomplishment. You will notice that people try to simplify tasks and approach them thinking in general terms, but often in doing so miss specifics, variables and factors that are basic to the task. A process often ignored is one called task analysis in which a person tries to look at all the details and variables that are involved in completing the desired project. There's no denying that this effort requires intelligence, common sense and skill, but when it is done precisely and accurately, the results are superior.

Well, there you have it. I can think of nothing more to write. There certainly must be other significant experiences and ideas, but for whatever reason they do not come to mind. As I have tried to remember meaningful happenings, I have been increasingly amazed at the excellent circumstances, situations, opportunities and challenges that have continually surrounded me. The distinct superiority of the characters of my associates from my birth throughout my life might well be described as miraculous. I am remembering parents, relatives, teachers, church authorities, leaders and certainly friends. Recalling these wonderful associations in itself has been a truly impressive experience which has led me to believe, yes even to know, that I have had it BETTER THAN I DESERVED.